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THE GENERAL STRIKE IN BELGIUM.

Impressions of an Eye Witness.

THE strike for universal suffrage, which is closing as these lines are written, is, as far as numbers go, the most formidable that ever took place in Belgium. For a whole week more than 300,000 men have left their work for purely political reasons, with the sole aim of showing by a decisive act their wish to do away with an electoral system which is as unjust as it is ridiculous.

It will be remembered that, according to the Constitution, revised in 1893 under pressure from the streets—for in our country clerical despotism is tempered only by riot,—all Belgians 25 years of age and with a year's continuous residence have the right of suffrage, but heads of families, 35 years old and paying a tax of at least 5 francs, free holders, public officials and graduates of educational institutions have a double or triple vote at their disposal, while the "vulgar crowd" enjoys but a single vote.

Our popular speakers are accustomed to characterize this peculiar system by saying that if Jesus Christ returned to earth he would not be a voter in Belgium for lack of a fixed abode, for "the Son of man hath not where to lay his head," St. Joseph, again, the most illustrious of fathers, would have but a single vote, for lack of paying 5 francs of direct tax; but on the other hand, Pontius Pilate would have three votes as an official and Caiaphas three votes as a member of the clergy.

It is then to reduce Caiaphas, Pontius Pilate and the Pharisees to their fair shares that the Parti Ouvrier has taken the field.

For long years already, through innumerable meetings, which have caused our propagandists to be likened to clouds of swallows lighting at once on a given spot, the Socialists have been preparing public opinion. Little by little the other opposition parties have suffered themselves to be carried away by their example. Only a few liberals of the left center,—last survivals of the epoch of repression—still resisted until at the parliamentary debate of March, 1902, on the subject of municipal and pro-

vincial suffrage, they finally rallied or rather resigned themselves to the bringing in of a system which would reduce by considerable their voting strength.

In short, the clerical party was left alone against the whole strength of the democracy, to defend plural voting and bar the way to "one man one vote."

Liberals, Socialists and Christian Democrats rallied with one accord to the support of a proposition for constitutional revision. Uniting their blue, red and green flags, they organized demonstrations for electoral reform in the principal cities of the country. Successively, at Anvers, Ghent, Liege and Brussels, thousands of men marched in line shouting for "S. U." and "R. P.," Universal Suffrage and Proportional Representation.

But it would have been childish to count on these platonic demonstrations to overcome the resistance of the clericals. The Catholic party has too substantial an interest in maintaining plural voting for it to do anything but struggle with the energy of despair against the movement for revision. As its chief, M. Woeste, recently declared in a Belgium paper, for the governmental majority to grant universal suffrage would be suicide.

So, in spite of the opposition of the liberals, whose devotion to the forms of law has no bounds when they have no direct interests in the movements of the street, the Socialists decided to employ other means, and, notably the general strike, to overcome this resistance.

Last Easter the annual congress of the Parti Ouvrier met at Brussels in the banquet hall of the Maison du Peuple. Seven hundred delegates were present from more than five hundred groups. They discussed first, to dispose of it temporarily, the question of woman suffrage, then, in secret session, they considered the means of hastening the victory of manhood suffrage, and passed a vote to the effect that upon the re-assembly of the Chambers, April 8, the Socialists would demand the immediate discussion of constitutional revision.

On the day fixed upon, the motion was upon the point of being made, when the government, which on its part had long been preparing for the battle, took the initiative of itself, proposing what the Socialist left was about to demand, and asked that the debate on revision begin the following week, Wednesday, April 16th.

But as it manifested at the same time the intention of pressing an immediate vote on the revenue measures so that it might be in a position to cut off parliamentary debate at pleasure, the agitation for universal suffrage began that very evening in the streets of Brussels.

Patience for a while longer was urged at a meeting held in

the Maison du Peuple, but the young Socialist guards replied by descending into the street and, after receiving some blows from the flat side of the policemen's sabres, they went to break windows at the houses of two or three Catholic deputies.

During the next few days these demonstrations, in which the mass of the Parti Ouvrier took no part, assumed a more serious character; two or three agents of the police were seriously maltreated; on the other hand the gendarmes and policemen showed their customary brutality and soon a number of wounded were led or carried to the dispensary of the Maison du Peuple.

Meanwhile the agitation was extending into the provinces. In Hainaut, the coal miners of the central region went on strike. Unknown persons, either carried away with excitement or in the pay of the re-actionaries, exploded dynamite cartridges (without any great damage) notably under the window of a Catholic deputy, M. Derbaix.

In the principal cities a crowd, every day larger, waited for the Catholic deputies as they stepped from the parliamentary train, and escorted them to their homes, singing vociferously the Marseillaise, or the Carmagnole, or again the favorite song of the young Socialist guards,

A bas la guerre, sabre et canon;

Vive la Republique!

A bas le roi de carton!

(Down with war, saber and cannon! Hail the Republic! Down with the pasteboard king.)

Strange sight it was to see these representatives of the people escorted to their homes through streets black with people, preceded and followed by a platoon of gendarmes, and surrounded by a line of policemen, with drawn sabres or revolvers in their hands.

One would have thought them, to quote an eye-witness, notable criminals being led to the scaffold.

It may be added that the deputies of Ghent, in whose train ten thousand workingmen walked daily, finally withdrew from their ovations by a temporary change of residence, and established themselves at Brussels till the revisionist debate should be finished.

Here is the story as reported by an anti-ministerial but conservative paper, the *Flandre Liberale*:

"Accordingly, our deputies, after having played the bully in the streets of Ghent, surrounded by policemen, gendarmes and lancers, decided to take up their domicile for some days at Brussels, their entire families with them. We have indeed in the last few days observed a regular breaking up of housekeeping. A city wagon full of furniture arrived at the railroad platform, watched

by a squad of servants and domestics. At Brussels, they are installed in a sort of caravansary, a "family house," where a dormitory has been established for this interesting community. They seem to have had a delightful time at evening in the parlor of the establishment. One took with him an old violin which had been moulding in its box for a number of years; another took along a game of *loto*. The ladies bought at Ghent a supply of wool of all colors to make tapestry. We are assured that the gatherings are altogether patriarchal, while awaiting the events which may permit our deputies to regain their respective homes."

It is thus seen that these beginnings of agitation among the working class and the unhappy incidents which had developed at Brussels, had, upon examination, an aspect rather gay than tragic. Thus, the Socialists of Ghent, with that audacious gaiety for which they are noted, proposed to open the campaign for constitutional revision with a grand ball at the immense structure of the skating rink.

But from the end of the week things unfortunately took on another aspect.

On Thursday, April 10, a manifesto of the *Parti Ouvrier* summoned the laborers to a general strike for the following Monday.

Already, as we have said, the workingmen of the Center, sure of holding out longer than the others, thanks to their higher wages, had taken the initiative and were agitating with numerous processions for universal suffrage. It was under these conditions that on April 11, at Hondeng, the police interfered to disperse the manifestants, and as some resisted, made use of fire-arms and shot a workingman and an innocent little girl who was on her way carrying milk from house to house.

The next day still more terrible events developed at Brussels.

The militants of the *Parti Ouvrier*, anxious to avert new massacres, implored their comrades to control themselves and to give no pretext by their attitude, or by their acts, for the bloody method of repression which to all appearance was intended by the government. This appeal had been heeded. The follies of the former days had been stopped. At the adjournment of the Chamber of Deputies a comparatively small crowd was peaceably following the Socialist deputies of Brussels who were on their way to the *Maison du Peuple*.

Suddenly the policemen came up and attacked these peaceable pedestrians with their sabres, and laid hold of the author of this article and hustled him to the police station. But then they began their explanations; the commissioner of police made excuses; the burgomaster himself came up very much put out, and the next instant the astonished passersby witnessed the spec-

tacle of the Socialist deputy and the head of the repression walking out together from the station and starting arm in arm, one toward his hotel and the other toward the *Maison du Peuple*, which happened to be in the same direction.

As they parted Monsieur de Mot said, "And now we are to have peace, are we not, Monsieur de Deputé?"

"I was about to make the same suggestion to you, Monsieur le Bourgmestre."

Thus everything seemed as if peace had been restored. When evening came on the usual pay-day crowd was cheerfully circulating in the working-class neighborhoods. To prevent too many gatherings, certain militant Socialists had "dragged" the streets near the *Maison du Peuple* and urged their companions to the suburbs. About 10 o'clock they separated, and if the city had not been in a state of siege, garrisoned and fortified here and there, and occupied by 20,000 policemen, gendarmerie and civic guards, no one would have suspected that there had been trouble, or that more serious trouble still was to burst out half an hour later.

In obedience to the word given out, most of the Socialists had returned home, or were occupying themselves at the *Maison du Peuple* with the final preparations for the general strike, when disturbances were renewed, in the *Rue Haute*, the principal artery of the populous quarter of Marolles.

All those who visit Brussels know, at least by reputation the Marolliens, whose strange idiom, a mixture of Flemish and French, seasoned with Italian and Spanish, takes a flavor of its own from the various influences which have formed it or deformed it. Mostly house workers, not accustomed to the discipline of the factory, and only lately reached by Socialist propaganda, too often degraded by poverty or by the use of alcoholic drinks, they are at heart the best fellows in the world, but they have the reputation, somewhat borne out by facts, of having a marked propensity for scimmages, either among themselves, or with the police.

So it was that the boys from Marolles did not miss the occasion of getting in the front rank in the tussles of the preceding evenings, and while most of the militant Socialists had returned to their homes, they continued to crowd round the *Maison du Peuple* and defend themselves as well as they could against the charges of the policemen. All at once the gendarmes came up, and instead of dispersing the rioters with swords or bayonets, fired into the crowd. Fievez, the assistant secretary of the Jewellers' Union, had his head blown to pieces by a ball. A workman in a store, Bourland by name, who was coming out in his shirt-sleeves to buy cigars, was also killed instantly. An old

woman who happened to be on her door-step, had her jaw shot away. More than twenty of those engaged in the demonstration or of the bystanders, wounded more or less seriously, were carried to the St. Pierre Hospital or to the Maison du Peuple.

It was not until the next day, through the newspapers, that I learned of this frightful butchery. I had returned home, convinced that everything was over, at the very hour when the fusillade burst forth, and I shall never forget my feelings when I found myself the next morning at the Maison du Peuple, so full of life the day before, so solemn now, with its curtains lowered, its red flag floating, and in the coffee-room, groups of men and women, weeping at once with pain and rage.

Outside, all was still, but new troubles were feared for the evening, for it is a peculiarity of the riots at Brussels that they break out in some sort at a fixed hour, as if there were a tacit understanding between the rioters and the repressors.

Meanwhile we had to start for the country, three meetings for universal suffrage had been arranged for some time before, outside Brussels, in villages where four or five years before our propagandists were greeted with stones or clubs. Now, on the contrary, our welcome is altogether cordial. When we arrived at Woluwe, more than two hundred country people in glistening blouses were crowding to the place of meeting. The Socialist clarions of a neighboring village sounded their joyful welcome. Many women and children were at the feast, for to them it was indeed a feast, which contrasted sadly with our mourning.

But when we had briefly told them what was passing in Brussels, a procession was formed, silent and thoughtful, to conduct us to the borders of the village, where others awaited us. There, at the summit of the highway of Louvain which, stiff and straight, rises toward the blue heaven like a long wax-taper, blazes forth already the flame of a red flag; there are the people of Saventhem where the second meeting is to be held.

At the appointed hour, seven or eight hundred listeners are grouped around the place, opposite the wall of the burying-ground, behind the old church that contains one precious work, the Saint Martin painted by Van Dyck when for the love of a beautiful girl he remained at Saventhem.

A white placard, posted since morning, announces to us that the burgomaster forbids any meeting in the open air, and twenty gendarmes have come from Brussels to reinforce him. But if it is forbidden to speak, it is not forbidden to listen; the order contains no provision against assemblages, and as a Socialist offers us his window, it is from there that we speak to the crowd, without the authorities being able to hinder.

From Saventhem we are conducted to Dieghem, where a third

meeting is beginning, but anxious to return to the city, I jump on a train, and soon find myself at the entrance of the Maison du Peuple, surrounded by civic guards and gendarmes.

After the tragic scenes through which the city had passed, the evening, in spite of all, brought signs of calm, and in view of the fact that the intervention of the militant Socialists was still the best guarantee of peace, it seems that word had discreetly been given to let us alone and to replace the charges of the gendarmes by the friendly exhortations of the members of the Parti Ouvrier. It was in the course of these oratorical negotiations, at the moment when I was conferring with the police, that I chanced to receive half a brick, which was not intended for me, just in the place where the day before the defenders of order had landed several fist blows which were, without any question, directed to my address.

But, apart from a few stones from the side of those making the demonstration and a few sabre-blows on the part of the police, nothing serious developed, and it may be said that from Sunday, April 13, order was virtually re-established at Brussels: during all the following week the civic guards, who were called out each day to watch the Maison du Peuple or guard the Chambers of Representatives, had no other occupation than to swear at those who inflicted such a task on them.

On the whole, it was becoming clear, even to the eyes of those who had had illusions in that respect, that the courage of a handful of men, without arms, or armed only with revolvers, could accomplish nothing against the regular forces enlisted in the service of repression.

As we said at the Maison du Peuple, in the course of these last events, it is either too soon or too late for an insurrection.

Too soon, for in spite of the undeniable and significant progress of Socialist propaganda in the army, we have not yet a right to count upon the soldiers, who, perhaps, would hesitate to obey, but probably would hesitate more to refuse to obey.

Too late, for we are no longer in the time when, as in 1830 and 1848, the insurgents found themselves nearly as well armed as the soldiers whom they faced, and not in a state of absolute inferiority. Now, on the contrary, the disproportion of strength is manifestly overwhelming, and from the instant when those who have the power at their disposal cease to recoil before the moral responsibility for a massacre, the success of street demonstrations becomes radically impossible.

It is principally for this reason that from the beginning of the agitation, the general council of the Parti Ouvrier, understanding the impracticability of an armed revolt, however legitimate it may be, had urged the general strike as the sole means of bringing to

bear on the government a pressure which, while strictly legal, was no less of a nature to inflict considerable injury on those most benefited by the plural voting system.

Overexcited by long waiting, exasperated by the massacres at Brussels and the Center, the working class responded with a formidable throng to the first appeal which was addressed to it.

Beginning with Monday, the strike was almost general in the coal mines. It extended rapidly into other districts, and for the first time in Belgium, in the districts of Charleroi, Mons and the Center, all the workers, even those in the small shops, left their work and according to Mirabeau's word, "folded their arms to obtain justice." In spite of the intense crisis which was on in the textile industries, the workers of Ghent and other Flemish localities allowed themselves to be carried away by the example. In the district of Liege, although exhausted by a recent strike, the stoppage of work was almost complete. At Brussels, a city of home industries and of trades ministering to luxury, there were more than 20,000 who left their work.

In short, during this memorable week, in all the industrial districts of the country and in all the great industries, except the railroads belonging to the State, more than three hundred thousand laborers, accepting the orders of the Parti Ouvrier, gave up their wages, sacrificed their bread, to assert their rights.

Naturally there could be no question of maintaining by individual or collective subscriptions a strike involving so great a number of men, but a fund was started to relieve the poorest and to aid the families of the wounded, the dead and the imprisoned.

Since it was impossible to count on the workingmen, who had voluntarily deprived themselves of their customary resources, appeal was made to the bourgeoisie and through the International Socialist Bureau to the foreign comrades.

This appeal was met and help arrived from France, England, Holland and Austria. The Russian Socialists, although in straits themselves, sent their mite. The Social Democracy of Germany, with its customary loyalty, sent more than 20,000 marks.

Many of the bourgeois liberals on the other hand—and this never happened before in political strikes—subscribed considerable sums. On the other hand, some who were extremely poor gave their "widow's mite," like a teacher out of a position, who wrote as follows: "Comrades—As I am too poor to send you money I am sending you at the same time with this letter my earrings, begging you to sell them. This will be my share for the relief fund of the strikers." It need hardly be added that these jewels, after being put up for sale were restored to her by their purchaser. But this touching sacrifice made a profound impression among the workers. An old Catholic farmer to whom one

of my friends read the teacher's letter cried out, his eyes filling with tears, "if the strikers wish to have my cow, let them come and take her, in my stable; I will give her to them."

If anything was still needed to give an incomparable moral grandeur to the movement it was the calm and the dignity of the working masses during the whole period of the strike. After the violent tumults of the first days followed what was much more impressive, the mighty silence of 300,000 men waiting motionless for the decision of Parliament.

Every evening they gathered in the *Maison du Peuple* of each city to advise each other of the news of the day. All the speakers were careful to point out that the excessive use of liquor, always dangerous, became particularly dangerous in these troubled times when the least conflict, or folly, might provoke new massacres. More than ever under these conditions *eau-de-vie* [brandy; literally water of life] deserved to be called "*I' eau de mort*" [water of death]. At Verviers, the Socialist tavern keepers came to the decision to sell no more gin as long as the strike should last. At Brussels every one observed a sudden diminution in the number of drinks sold. And that fact did not fail to exert a favorable influence on public opinion.

Moreover, the liberal bourgeois, who had at first set themselves against the uprising, began to turn against the government. The attitude of the civic guards, very hostile at first, was sensibly modified after the fusillades of the *Rue Haute*. The newspapers denounced the odious brutality of the gendarmes. Many heads of industrial establishments declared themselves in favor of the demands of their laborers. One of them in particular, whose men had just won a strike and announced to him their intention of going out again, this time for universal suffrage, exclaimed: "Go it, comrades. I wish, with all my heart, that you may give the government as thorough a lesson as you inflicted on me the other day."

At one instant it looked as if these moral forces might prevail over brute force, and the hopes of the proletariat might be at least partially fulfilled.

On Tuesday, April 15, the liberal left took the initiative of suggesting, in lieu of revision, the dissolution of the chambers, involving a general appeal to the voters. Without committing himself on the merits of the question, the head of the cabinet merely pointed out that the right of dissolution constitutes one of the essential prerogatives of the king. The latter, being personally brought into the case, thus appeared as the final arbiter, the sole judge between the parties. It seemed as if here was an open door to a settlement satisfactory to all.

But the next day the attitude of the clerical party showed clearly a determination to yield nothing and to resist to the end.

It was a sad day. The unfortunates who had been killed Saturday evening were to be buried.

To prevent these funerals taking on the character of a great demonstration, the municipal authorities had decided that they should take place at half past six in the morning. But in spite of these precautions, thousands of workmen presented themselves, at dawn, at the doors of the St. Pierre Hospital, to which the bodies had been carried.

In a hall which had been cleared for the purpose, the body of Comrade Fievez was laid out. According to what seems to have been the custom of the quarter, the coffin, a poor hospital coffin, was not yet closed, and the head of the dead man was seen, deathly white, his forehead opened by the bullet, his face gashed by the sabre-cuts which the policemen had given him when already in his death agony on the pavement.

The women wept. The father of Fievez sobbed, his face turned toward the wall. The men, at the sight of the butchery, clenched their fists and learned to remember.

The start was made for the cemetery amid a torrent of rain, along the boulevards lined by the houses of the bourgeois, still sleeping. The Socialist deputies of Brussels marched in the first rank, behind a group of police inspectors, each with his revolver displayed on his abdomen, as if they feared an attack. One frightful detail clings to my recollection; the coffin leaked, and every ten steps a drop of blood fell to mingle with the mire trod by the companions of the one who had been shot.

It was under such impressions, revived two hours later by the burial of Bourlard, that we betook ourselves to the Chambers, where at last the debate on revision opened.

It lasted but three days.

The right (clerical party) was in haste to have done with it, cost what it might. The government declared itself against revision, intimating however, for the first time, that at a time more or less near at hand, this revision would become inevitable. M. Woeste, in his turn, used almost the same language:

"If we vote against taking up the proposition to revise the constitution, it is much more from hostility to universal suffrage pure and simple than from love for plural voting. We know that institutions are not immutable. Laws are in a state of change, and if the parties wished to examine dispassionately the electoral problems and to seek a solution different from the one which exists to-day, I am convinced that a great number on our side would join in an investigation.

Significant words in the mouth of one who two months be-

fore refused even to examine into the contingency of a constitutional revision.

Thus from a moral point of view the general strike had not been useless, but so far as immediate results go, it did not prevent the rejection of constitutional revision, which took place on April 18, the eighth anniversary of the establishment of plural voting, by a strict party vote of 84 to 64.

We were thus beaten—until next time.

Order reigned in the streets, thanks to sixty thousand bayonets, and the same evening, at Louvain, the only demonstration attempted was drowned in blood: eight workmen were killed, without preliminary summons, by the civic guards.

On the other hand, the strike, which still increased, was thenceforth fruitless.

The king alone might still have interfered and re-established his popularity by announcing the dissolution of the Chambers; he preferred to act with his ministers, and when all the opposition parties called on him to speak, he remained silent.

It was under these conditions that on the following Sunday, the general council of the Parti Ouvrier, called in special session, had to pronounce for or against the continuance of the struggle.

To prolong the strike after the negative vote of the Chambers would have been to impose upon the proletariat the hardest of sacrifices, to exhaust the reserves of the unions and the co-operatives, to condemn thousands of families to misery, with the certainty of having to return to work in a week or two without having obtained the least result.

To resume work, on the other hand, with as much unanimity as in leaving it, was to give a new proof of the discipline and unity of the workers, and at the same time to preserve intact the resources and the energy needed for new combats.

One after another the delegates of all the district federations expressed their opinions in this regard; it was unanimously, except for one single vote, that the council declared for the resumption of work.

So the strike is ended, but the struggle continues, and only those very ill acquainted with the steadfastness of the Parti Ouvrier could rest under the illusion of supposing the cause of universal suffrage to be compromised in the least by the parliamentary check it has just received.

Our adversaries themselves know well that it is not so, and the Honorable M. Woeste, for example, is too far seeing a politician to feel otherwise than King Pyrrhus, who, when congratulated on his victory over the Romans, replied, "Another such victory and we are undone."

Emile Vandervelde,

(Translated by Charles H. Kerr.)

Thus Spake "Marxist."



THE dilemma of "free will" or "fatal necessity" is one of those grinning monsters of the infinite, that lend to human existence the appearance of a phantasmagoria. It is probably as ancient as human consciousness and has ever agitated the mind of man. Are his acts the expression of his free volition or are they even to the faintest shade of his fleeting thought, the effect of causes absolutely beyond man's control? This problem is classed by philosophers and theologians among the unknowable problems which cannot be fathomed by the finite mind of man. Every philosophy and science has its outlet into the unknowable, merging there its identity, as the waters of a stream are lost in the vast ocean. But science is science for all of that. In the science of Socialism, which embraces mainly the motives and objects of human, mental, and physical activity, the dilemma of "free will" or "fatal necessity" crops up with more persistence than in other sciences. And though the apparent dilemma was never solved by the Socialists, they have reason to claim to have overcome its difficulties. The Socialists contend that "free will" as well as "fatal necessity" are pure figments of the mind and that these expressions connote no corresponding phenomena existing in nature. It may be said that this contention leads also to the inconceivable, but why taunt Socialism for its attribute of finiteness when we know finiteness to be a state of the human mind and characteristic of all other sciences?

It is said that Lassalle chose to unravel the transcendental obscurities of Heraclites the Dark because of the intellectual difficulty of the task. Similar motives must have inspired "Marxist." In his article, "Sociological Laws and Historical Fatalism," published in the April number of the International Socialist Review, "Marxist" attempts to review the "premises of Socialism," to move the corner-stone of Socialism to a new foundation. A noble ambition. We regret only that "Marxist" will have to join not the few immortals who gathered laurels in the task, but the many who reaped thistles.

If the unsparing use of the rod is evidence of affection then great must be the love of "Marxist" for the poor, common Socialist. For with the Socialist "Marxist" never argues—he admonishes. True; he uses terms which may be found to be uniformly hostile and sarcastic, but, no doubt, "Marxist" deems them affectionate. His favorite theme is to expatiate on the dogmatism, fanaticism and intolerant bigotry of the ordinary Socialist. True, the ordinary Socialist is not habitually addicted to anything of the sort, but "Marxist" has decided not to spare severity that the Socialist may be kept in the true path. For he knows

that the ordinary Socialist is potentially capable of being wrong, which is the same as being wrong. And "Marxist" castigates him unmercifully. "Marxist" is at his best when, while soaring in the empyrean regions of his transcendental speculations that know not the limits within which the operations of an ordinary mind are confined, he looks down with pity on the Socialist who still welters in the slough of reason and logic. His style is such that the ignorant say to one another: "He speaks like one having authority." The Socialists have shown faith in the truth of Socialist philosophy. "Marxist" must needs show them the vanity of their hope and fancied security. This "Marxist" did with authority.

Thus spake "Marxist":

1. That the ordinary Socialist is "an orthodox commentator, the rightful successor of the theologian." This by way of introduction, so that the fellow may know his place. For by maintaining—

2. —that "‘history is not made automatically; it is made by men,’ he lets in idealism by the backdoor," and "substitutes the reciprocal action of material and ideal factors for the monistic view upheld by uncompromising historical materialism."

3. That "unless the effort of the individual can add something which may effect, be it to an infinitesimal degree, the movement of society, acquiescence in things as they are is the only ‘scientific’ course of conduct." And further: "A critical mind to be active, must believe that his personal acts are productive of effects, which must fail to materialize if he abstains from acting."

Had "Marxist" stopped right here, it would have been given to an ordinary mortal to understand the purport of his argument. But he goes on to probe the mysteries of the "premises" until he writes himself into the proposition—

4. —that "we cannot make or unmake sociological laws, but as each ‘individual is shaping himself, the actual events of his own biography, so do we all collectively make history,’ the composite biography of mankind."

To recapitulate:

The proposition that "history is not made automatically; it is made by men," lets in Idealism and is in conflict with the monistic view upheld by uncompromising historical materialism. Therefore, the monistic view excludes the proposition that history is made by men. Therefore it is a self-evident "monistic view, upheld by uncompromising historical materialism" that "we all collectively ‘make history’ the composite biography of mankind."

This is certainly transcendental, for it transcends reason and

logic. But "Marxist" does not criticise or prove by reason or logic, but by strength of assertion.

And now that our theory is thus smitten to pieces and the debris brushed aside, another theory is to be created to fill its place. "Marxist" does it offhand, with an ease peculiar to himself.

Here you have it:

"We do not live in abstractions; the laws of social development can unfold themselves to us in no other way than through the accidents of our individual or collective careers. * * * The 'laws of history' are silent on the question whether the main branches of industry will come under public control within twenty-five, fifty or a hundred years; a difference of twenty-five or fifty years is a mere accident, and still the life of the present generation is bound up within that accident. By a conscious application of the ascertained 'laws of history' we may smooth and shorten that accident."

Let us have it clear. The laws of social development do not unfold themselves to us through all the events of our individual and collective careers, but only through the accidents of our individual and collective careers. On the other hand, the 'laws of history' are silent on the question whether the main branches of industry will come under public control within twenty-five, fifty or a hundred years, which "is a mere accident." In other words, the laws of social development unfold themselves only through accidents, while the 'laws of history' are silent on the question of accidents.

An ordinary mortal would have been expected to make it clear what distinction he draws between the "laws of social development" and "laws of history," and also what is meant by "accident," but "Marxist" is not expected to bother with the limitations of our finite understandings. He asserts and goes on, leaving us the vulgar task of detecting distinctions between and defining the meaning of terms.

We must try to make the best of it.

The events which constitute the accident are either determined by the 'laws of history' and then they are not different from other events, and the accident is not an accident at all, or they are exempt from the operation of the 'laws of history.' But then they must not be events of our individual or composite biography. To what category of phenomena do the events constituting an accident belong? What is an accident? Or, rather, what is an accident not?

It is something not included within the all-inclusive purport and intent of the "monistic view upheld by uncompromising historical materialism." This view holds that economic conditions

are the determining cause and factor of all events of individual or composite biography, and excludes the proposition that any event, economic or psychological, is not a logical sequence of antecedent economic conditions. An accident cannot be due to ideal factors. For any event that may be caused or materialized by and through the will and mind of man comes far less within the definition of an accident than even an event that is determined by material factors.

I think I know where "Marxist" got his theory of accidents. "Marxist" will pardon me for guessing his secret and for giving him away. "Marxist" has evidently lately been doing some archeological researches, and he happened to excavate a happy method of reasoning once used by the geologists that preceded Lyell. It was called the "catastrophe hypothesis," and its easy-go-lucky features must have commended themselves to "Marxist." Everything in the geologic formation or history of the earth which the geologists could not account for they declared to be due to a catastrophe, and herewith dismissed it from further consideration. Anything in history you do not understand? Say it was due to an accident and you are done with it. Why did Christopher Columbus discover America in 1492 and not John Doe in 1902? Accident. Why did the Filipinos rebel during the Spanish-American war and the Porto Ricans did not? Accident.

"No one," says "Marxist," "who is not a believer in the supernatural determination will maintain that it was 'historically necessary' for the Filipinos to have broken out about the time of the Spanish-American war or that 'historic necessity' saved Columbus from shipwreck on his way to America."

There is no "historic necessity" for "Marxist" to be writing articles on transcendental philosophy when hens are laying eggs, but the coincidence is not due to an accident, as the hens lay eggs all the time, regardless of the mental cogitation of "Marxist." The Filipinos were in a state of rebellion most of the time, and it was a "historic necessity" at least to anticipate their uprising during the Spanish-American war. True, "historic necessity" has not saved Columbus from shipwreck. In fact, nothing saved poor Columbus from shipwreck, for the reason that he suffered no shipwreck. Favorable weather and skill in navigation might have helped Columbus to this result.

You can never rely on "historic necessity" to keep things afloat, and I would warn "Marxist" against attempting deep water relying on "historic necessity" to keep him afloat. It is safer to learn swimming. Evidently "Marxist" attempted to account by the theory of "historic necessity" not only for events that happened, but also for events that never occurred.

"The development of the mode of production shapes the minds of men, and the minds of men then reshape economic conditions." This is the theory of the "orthodox commentator," says "Marxist," and it lets in Idealism, which it substitutes for the monistic view.

I think it does nothing of the kind. In fact, man has nothing to boast of in this power of "reshaping conditions" to suit himself, except his consciousness thereof, since he shares this power with all other animal and even vegetable species. "Marxist" was confused by the "Hegelian phrase" involved in the proposition, and failed to recognize the principle of struggle for existence which underlies it. Thick vegetation close to the trunk of a tree is not favorable to its growth. The foliage of the tree excludes the rays of the sun from the area of its shadow and "shapes conditions" unfavorable to the growth of the vegetation beneath. The thicker the vegetation beneath, the sparser the foliage above; the denser the foliage above the thinner the vegetation beneath. The struggle goes on and trees with denser foliage survive. Finally the trees succeed in having the ground beneath the shadow of their dense foliage entirely barren of all vegetation, except the parasitic species. The foliage of the tree "reshaped conditions" so as to make them more favorable to its own growth and density.

I will now introduce a sentient being, a chick. We find it in a state of rebellion against existing conditions. It is in the process of breaking its eggshell. Is not this a complete surrender to Idealism? For the chick, by a sentient, if not conscious, act, destroys the necessary, material conditions of its previous existence, and instead of being confined to the conditions of the interior of an eggshell, it steps out into the conditions of the outside world. (By the way, is not this step of the chick an "accident?" For where is the "historic necessity" for the chick to come out of its egg?) Man in "reshaping conditions" of his existence merely follows in the footsteps of lower forms of life, adding only the factor of consciousness. Does not the "Hegelian phrase" look much more familiar when its dialectics are expressed in terms of natural philosophy? "Marxist's" declaration that he will not join in the procession unless he be shown the reason why is vain. He is in the procession and he cannot get out of it. If he could, he could also upset the world without the fulcrum of Archimedes. Besides, it is inconsistent. For does not "Marxist" always reproach the revolutionary Socialists for not "doing in Rome as the Romans do?" And now he taunts them for unthinkingly "joining in the procession."

"Julian."

New York, May 20, 1902.

The Pastor's "Office."



Y old college chum, Ernst, came to my den last evening to tell me of his call that afternoon on the pastor of his boyhood's church. I had been expecting his coming, for this long-deliberated call was to be for the serious purpose of asking his name to be stricken off from the church roll of membership. We had both, as boys of 14, joined this Church of the Pilgrims 25 years ago, had for a dozen years vented a large and healthy amount of our youthful hustling energy in church and mission activities, had thus won religious honors in college by being elected class deacons, and at graduation we both expected to study for the Christian ministry. But I must let Ernst tell his own story.

"Having telephoned down to the church and found the pastor's office hours to be from 2 to 3 p. m., I appeared promptly, but found several people ahead of me, as always at our doctor's office. Similarly, too, the physician of souls did not appear for some time past his advertised hour, and offered as an apology the impossibility of tearing away from the elaborate lunches at his Imperial Hotel. While thus waiting on the office sofa I recalled distinctly how, during our period of activity in this church, we used to hold our missionary and young people's prayer meetings in this very room. Over on that side, where I always sat, and where I communed silently with my inner heart, or openly in speaking or prayer with other hearts, there now stood a gigantic office safe. Over by the blue and yellow stained glass window, where I never can forget the flood of new emotions as I there led my first prayer meeting and many subsequent ones—there was now domiciled the pastor's large Cutler office desk. Before the green and red rays of the corner window, which used to throw an added religious halo through the romantic atmosphere of our high school sweethearts, appeared now at his desk the cherubic Y. M. C. A. face and fashionable rimless eyeglasses of the assistant pastor. As he passed by our waiting line towards the safe to exchange one large ledger for another he gave us each a business smile of welcome and a vigorous gymnasium-trained grasp of the hand. Adjoining the pastor's desk was the telephone and typewriter with its business-college-trained stenographer. On the book shelves, where our missionary reports and papers used to be, were now long rows of large filing cases indorsed "Choir Expenses," "Treasurer's Receipts," "Delinquents," etc., and one small one entitled "Benevolences." Upon the wall, where used to hang the inspiring pictures of our former pastors, was now a large plan

of the church sittings, with the prices and names of the lessees attached. And to crown all these changes our former motto, "The Lord is in His Holy Temple," was now supplanted by the modern one, "Church life for every one; on safe business principles."

"But, my dear fellow," I interposed, with some of my legal temper for fairness, "don't you know we've provided new and finer rooms for these meetings in the labyrinth of parlors, kitchens and various society headquarters making up the additional wing built onto the church since your day of activity. And then, too, you must remember that you've not kept up with the expansive and progressive spirit of our strenuous life in politics, business and even religion. Your sort of modern Diogenes reclusion as a student of human nature doesn't really keep you 'up to date' now, does it?"

"To that I confess 'peccavi,' (1)" he answered, "but in no contrition, as you well know; rather as a Pharisee, as many better business men would say, or as I hope may be more charitable, in a stoical indifference or even strength in not being strenuously 'up to date.' But don't you, my dear Charles, really think it is a pity that the growing business character of our modern churches has had to demand rooms for such offices, and has thus broken the devotional associations with these prayer meeting rooms and forced them to more luxurious quarters? For it is not larger quarters they needed, in fact I am told these meetings are not as large now as in our youth here, having been largely supplanted by the Boys' Military Brigade. Thus when I watch these ordinary house movings from all necessary comforts of high thinking and feeling to more and more enervating luxury as they are applied to churches also, I deplore this nearly as deeply as when I pass the old gray-stone Methodist church which is now occupied within by the caravan of delivery wagons of the North American Green Grocery Trust and replastered without by the world-conquering nuisance of advertising bulletin boards. I can't understand how people with any serious heart attachments can so lightly dissolve the many associations with such a substantial, venerable and quite comfortable religious edifice while hardly out of range of the now reeking smell of their former Lord's house they build a conglomerate of luxurious brown stone, giddy colored glass, and vulgarly loud frescoes, all of which seem to me more inductive of oriental lassitude than of continuance of the rugged primitive Wesleyan mortification of the world, the flesh and the devil."

"But there, again, my heathen Diogenes, you show your

* (1) "I have sinned."—[Ed.]

ignorance of business principles," I again checked him. "For, as with many other down-town churches, by selling the unearned increment of their church site, they could throw into the trade their old church for almost nothing; and thus buy their new up-town site and build their magnificent building without the members having to contribute a cent. Yet I even must confess that ever since our graduate study in Economics it seems to me unjust that the extra value of luxurious churches above a maximum standard of old-fashioned comfort should not be taxed by the State, which has thus lost this unearned increment of the land." "But also for the distinct purpose of taxing luxuries for those who want to indulge in religious as well as domestic ones," added Ernst, "while for those who don't begin to have such gay homes there is no such excuse for the civilizing influence of the modern church monstrosities, as I used to feel most seriously for the centuries of edification exerted upon the surrounding hut-dwellers by the grand old cathedrals on the hills of England such as, e. g., Ely, Lincoln and Durham."

"But we've gotten off from your visit at the pastor's office, so tell me more of that."

"Well, while I thus mused on the office surroundings," Ernst continued, "I also heard the interviews of the callers ahead of me. One explained in a Scandinavian accent that he wished to arrange a lecture in this church, with his stereoscopic colored reproductions of Masterpieces of Christ in Song and Art. But he was kindly but firmly cut short with, 'Our people don't take to that sort of thing, though I've no doubt you can do well out among the smaller and country churches. If, however, you only had up-to-date pictures of the rebellious little Filipinos, upon whom we've reversed our invocations as our allies to anathemas at their visionary rebellion, you could draw a full house.' As the lecturer withdrew to the small and unbusinesslike churches he ventured to apologize that even if he had a new-fashioned picture outfit of the 'fleeing niggers' he still had an old-fashioned conscience which blinded him to the difference between fighting for the same principles against one sovereign or another sovereign."

"Tut, tut, now," I had to interpose, "don't get off into one of your sentimental 'Anti' invectives; you know as well as all of us in the large churches that the political New Testament of 1776 has had to be revised just like our ethical New Testament."

"But as a critic," Ernst objected, "I acknowledge a progressive refinement of both Testaments on higher ethical grounds, but protest vigorously against their revision by these modern omnipotent 'business principles.' However, not to get side-tracked again I'll not detail the interviews of my other 'preventers'—in the scriptural sense,—only assuring you that they all had

business errands, and come to my own interview. After introducing myself and exchanging our mutual regrets that we had not met before, I went on to tell him that my call was a little out of the ordinary run, that I didn't have any business scheme, but desired to talk over frankly my relationships, which had for some years been in abeyance, to his church. He smiled and in a cheery rising inflection he hoped the relationships were such that we should have the mutual pleasure of their being revived and renewed. 'No,' I had to surprise him, 'I am quite sure they cannot be renewed, and if I am not taking too much of your valuable time I should be very glad to explain the case in order that you and especially some of my old-time friends in the church may not attribute my past or future otherwise riddlesome conduct to any more unworthy motives than the facts warrant.' He seemed uneasy at this prospect of a longer interview, glanced around at a couple of other callers who had come in, answered a call at the telephone and, having dispatched the business of the other visitors at my request and dictated to his stenographer a short pressing note, he returned to my case. So I condensed as much as possible an account of our joining by imitation the church in which we'd grown up, of our Christian activity in meetings, missions and Sunday Schools, and even to pumping the organ (in which post besides the boy-proportionate salary there was added much of religious devotion) until the five or six regular services on Sunday quite dissipated our energies and often our disposition for the real world of Monday morning; how we remained faithful to this high pressure through college and resumed it even amid the usual let-down of loneliness and unpreparedness for any real life on coming home from college. 'Yes,' the pastor interrupted generously, 'I have frequently heard of your and your college chum's wholesome influence as fresh college graduates upon the would-be freshmen of our church in those days, and I've been much concerned at your old chum's cessation of all that Christian activity, although he has staid within the church.'

"So you got me mixed up in the case," I protested, "for you know I have to keep at peace with all men and can't afford in my profession to be a rebel like you. You didn't tell him of my religious apostacy along with yours, did you?"

"Oh, no, my dear old trimmer," Ernst assured me, "don't worry for your soul's or world's salvation. I only went on telling him how, during those couple of years at home again and when I had the first opportunity of studying what I really wanted to, I somehow got hold of Spencer's Sociology, gradually went through all of this great teacher's works, was led to Fiske and to Darwin himself, and thus into considerable Anthropology; how in this saturation of evolution I fed my heart and poetic ideals on

Emerson, Plato, Wordsworth and Beethoven. Under such influences I found that my theological ideas had gradually and painlessly changed, so that God, Christ and Immortality had been dissolved from the world of evidential knowledge and remained in imagination only as poetical ideals.

"Here the pastor was again called to the telephone and on returning explained,—'Funeral of nice old clergyman, over 80, tomorrow morning, biographical notes for my service to be sent here to the office,—now let's see, where had we got to?' Thus I resumed my having finally conscientious scruples at continuing my Sunday School teaching to University Freshmen when I had to avoid all the theological side of the lessons or make them so symbolical that but few in the church could have recognized their vague similarity to our church creed and covenant, about my consequent call on our then pastor and of his liberal and sympathetic encouragement for me to continue this teaching. But, as against this—I hurried on—my going back to our conservative college for a couple of years to test my metamorphosed theological ideas (instead of our expected studying for the ministry), and of the confirmation I got in spite of my being almost alone in my position there in the Theological School's courses on the Philosophy of Religion, in our Academic graduate study in Anthropology, and of Kant, Schopenhauer, Lotze, Hegel, Fichte, Locke, and Hume. The mention of these names seemed to be concentrating the pastor's attention when, unfortunately for our progress, Mrs. Jellyby then rushed upon the scene with an armful of the most vital correspondence in re her Mission in Borrioboola Gha. But every one had learned that the only way to handle this now fifty-year famous Mission work was to immediately turn it over with plenipotentiary power to an executive business ability which was so focused upon this one object of life as to be quite oblivious of the existence of Mr. Jellyby, the seven small Jellybys, and of all the cooking, clothes, cleanliness and warmth necessary for even their physical domestic existence. Thus Mrs. Jellyby strode away in new strength and devotion to the cause, but also to stumble over her coughing children on the frosty stairs, to bump out an apologetic ejaculation from the disconsolate Mr. J. with his tired bank-clerk head in its accustomed leaning against the wall, and to dictate to her secretly-Turveydrop, Jr.-yearning daughter Caddie some more interminable Borrioboola Gha business."

On my objecting that such classic caricatures had no place today, I must confess I was startled when he went on to instance many cases where modern mothers had plenty of time for the supposititious heathen and yet had not time to read, play, and in general live with their own children in the best of all kindergartens,

the home, instead of sending them off for relief to this too often business American form of "Kinderbewahranstalt."

But we got back to the "office" by my asking:—"You didn't have time to tell the pastor much in detail of those two years of intellectual testing, for I can never forget the terrible earnestness and the pecuniary struggle with which you went through that refining fire? And, as I had also abandoned our graduate purpose of studying for the ministry and had gone into the less secure business profession of the law, I knew how to admire your independent and self-denying pursuit of truth in contrast with the placid, obedient, and scholarship-pampered theologian and the typical graduate student who is merely getting an extra dose of conventional knowledge to pass on to the next generation as a teaching business."

"Oh no," Ernst resumed, "of course even if we'd had time, I couldn't get into such foreign things, amid those surroundings, as emotions of conscientious truthfulness. So I continued to lay merely business facts before him, continuing with my going to the late saintly Professor Sidgwick of Cambridge to study how much ground for Ethics there could be apart from all religion, then for four years in Germany to try to get down to the bottom facts in the scientific basis of right and wrong in pleasure and pain, of true and false reasoning as simplified into the mental laws of association, and in the dependence of our mind upon our body.

"The result of these seven years' test of my changed religious views was to confirm me more and more in the conviction that the various ideas of God were certainly not proved and probably not provable, that they could all be explained scientifically by the personifying and other natural tendencies of our mental life, that evolution and modern criticism had reduced the Bible to the category of a valuable contribution to ethnological and ethical literature, and that the vast array of modern psychological knowledge was on the whole decidedly against the freedom of the will and immortality. Here the old spark of Calvinistic combativeness was momentarily aroused in the usually courteous and kindly pastor, for he asked—'Are you really so dead sure of those things?' By no means, I hastened to encourage this responsive attention, and one wholesome modern result of the study of reasoning is to make one dead sure of nothing and suspicious of those who are dead sure of everything. But I believe the great preponderance of probability is on my side, and now, from 10 years' added experience in teaching and studying, this reasonable confidence is continually increasing. Our late reading at home of such diverse lives as those of Darwin, Dickens, Kant, Tennyson, Robert and Elizabeth Browning, Mill, George Eliot, Bacon,

Goethe, John Todd and Huxley has added increased strength and gladness from being on the winning side.

"Then I only suggested how these theological ideas had lost for me all their necessity for conduct, and were now only interesting scientific questions with some added poetic attraction. For I'd also during these years found an ethical companionship and stimulus in music and literature, as well as in some scientific ambition in life, which incomparably surpassed anything I had gotten or could get from the narrow bounds of the ethical part of religion. So I described a bit how we spend our Sundays at home with our children, their 'blessed Sonntag,' reading or building houses or coasting with them, or, while they play about and absorb some music half consciously, the mamma and I sing at the Heine-Schumann Dichterliebe cycle or play at the Beeethoven or Brahms sonatas, and thus, as we thoroughly believe, gain a higher and more lasting heart-filling than any church could give us. And, as a sample of our daily evening reading with our five and seven-year-olds, I couldn't but picture the contrast of our finishing last Sunday evening with overflowing hearts that beautiful sermon of Silas Marner with my still vivid recollection of reading it as a Freshman in college by stealth on a Saturday afternoon, with a painfully guilty conscience at reading a novel anyway and at the risk of sinning by having to study my Monday morning Livy on Sunday night.

"By this time the pastor had been called some dozen times to the telephone until he acceded to my request to remain seated before the instrument while we continued our conversation."

"That must have made an interesting picture," I could not but interrupt, "you, as a conscientious agnostic, unbarring the innermost workings of your heart and mind to the distracted ears of a modern pastor thus enslaved amid his office furniture, bookkeepers, and callers to the business-expediting telephone. Certainly even I had never realized what a contrast the rapid development of the last 25 years had made from the old-fashioned pastor's study. Perhaps you don't know though, Ernst, that our present pastor has the same room up in the gable of the church for a study as our boyhood's pastor used to have. But, owing to all these business duties such as you experienced, he has to use his study now as a strictly private refuge in which to get up his weekly discourses. So I've heard it is now a bare room with a confused heap of papers and magazines strewn all over the floor, chairs and table." "Yes, that's a good adjunct to my picture," Ernst chimed in, "and I venture to prophecy clairvoyantly that one would find the magazines to be of the ephemeral skimmer type like the Outlook or the Literary Digest; for such an harrassed business preacher can't mathematically find the time

necessary for getting at books and knowledge at first hand and digesting it himself. How utterly different is this from that gable study when our adored Mr. S. used to have his personally gathered pictures of St. Mark's Square, of the Sistine Madonna, of Salisbury Cathedral, and the Yosemite Falls around the walls along with the photographs of his own family and of men like Emerson; the long rows of book shelves filled not merely with his theological library but with the finest private collection of solid literature in the city; and a cheerily welcoming fire-place always casting such a homelikeness over all."

"And, my dear Ernst," I couldn't but add, "we never realized till many years later what those books and that manly cheer did for us boys. Think of the education we got there as Mr. S. (we never thought of him as 'Pastor' or 'Dr.')

read to a circle of us boys on Friday afternoons for years such a lot of Bryant's Iliad and Odyssey, Shakespeare, Chaucer, Tennyson, Gulliver's Travels, with occasional variations in Sir Samuel Baker in Africa or Jules Vernes!"

"Of course," Ernst leaned forwards, "and yet even then we came there gladly to the friend who skated, fished, swam, and hunted with us as a boy himself, and none of us were ever dragged there by any Mrs. Pardiggle and presented as David, the Lord's anointed, who at the tender age of five years had voluntarily consecrated himself through the Infant Bonds of Joy as a life missionary to the befogged Hottentotten. You may remember that when he first came to us direct from the theories of his Theological Seminary he tried a daylight and weekday prayer meeting for us 14-year-old boys, but his good sense soon saw that we needed his manly human companionship and time-tested books far more than this duty-kneeling discipline in piety. And in such wholesome surroundings the pastor was genuinely 'accessible at all hours' (as you remember our college pastor used to announce every Sunday morning his venerable joke) to all kinds of aches and ills of body and soul. Still, though he thus lived in this homelike study, he also had an ideal home life with his wife and five children in a plain house near by, and had not developed to the modern business pastor who, with his child-free wife or possibly one inadvertant weakling, lives in the artificial glamor of the biggest hotel in town. Think of the effect of such surroundings on the young girls, already light-headed enough, of the Mrs. Pastor's Sunday School class, about a reception for whom the newspapers yesterday gave a half column society write-up!"

"Well, you must remember, Ernst," I again qualified, "that a modern pastor must be enough up-to-date so as to keep in touch with his congregation. But I'm impatient to hear how our

pastor took your confession." After objecting that so much hotel eating and drinking, ultra-Malthusianism, political-banquet-toasting, and dress-suit-receptioning was far too ahead-of-date for edifying spiritual influence, Ernst continued: "After soon dropping his argumentation the pastor then came about and started on the more modern tack of showing that the church was broad enough nowadays to take or keep in any respectable person. He confessed that in his own case he had very greatly enlarged in his religious views; and it was really touching to hear him describe how he, too, as a young Christian would have considered it a grievous sin to read Silas Marner, on Sunday especially, while now he could take that lovely story as a practical text for a Sunday discourse. In theology, too, he didn't lay much stress even on the Trinity; the only real essentials seemed to him to be a conception of an immanent God something like that in John Fiske's popular 'Idea of God' and a recognition of Jesus as a high ideal of divinity in something of an Emersonian sense. He showed me in the Church Manual how even the present Confession of Faith was much more vague and symbolical in its theological affirmations and far more lovable in its intra—and extra—Christian spirit than the original Articles at the foundation of the church 40 years ago and he urged me quite pathetically that they wanted to keep all advancing thought within the church to leaven it from within. But I objected that even these enlarged and softened religious conceptions were unproved intellectually, that I had observed that those who knew much more at first hand than Fiske of Evolution of the Psychology of reasoning were not more sure of any reality corresponding to their idea of God than to their idea of the devil. And if still valuable ethically as imagination conceptions I should more honestly affiliate myself with the little and unbusinesslike Unitarian institution over on the quiet by-street.

"During this part of the interview especially the cherubic assistant pastor occasionally looked up from his ledger at me and even the stenographer girl paused in her many errands in and out of the office and in her sorting over a great pile of addresses,—both showing by their expressions of surprise and impatience that such subjects were strangers and not in good form in that office. But I persisted amid these intimations—though not of immortality,—until the pastor, amid continued distractions of his kindly attention, entered an interesting demur, compounded of some surviving puritanical asceticism and a modern business factor of safety. For he said: 'That's all very well, but I fear, my dear professor, that in all this beautiful reading and absorbing life with your family you are getting too self-centered and even—shall I say it?—selfish. Now it is our distinct grappling with

selfishness which makes the chief differentium between our modern orthodox church and our high-minded but non-disciplined Unitarian friends, whose club life of mere congeniality you have so properly characterized as an Institution. For this great sin, which it must be regretted often synchronizes too strenuously with the magnificent business waves of the last decades,—this selfishness the church proper combats by drawing men and women out of themselves in the shape of money for foreign and home missions, requisition duty on some of our innumerable committees,—not to speak of drawing them in their coupes away from their Sabbath morning homes strewn knee-deep with several great volumes of spicy and gay-colored newspapers. Now, granted that you live in a higher atmosphere, don't you think that you, too, need some drawing-out of self? Then, too, there is always Paul's old sociological rule of meat-eating. Allowed that I can't give you your home standard of Goethe, Huxley, Browning, Dickens, Schubert, etc., don't you really think it would be safer for your influence on your business neighbors and your raw and impressionable students if you leave your children, books, and music at home Sunday mornings and come to church like other people? Excuse me if I tell you frankly that your bank-cashier neighbor is scandalized at seeing you reading in your shirt sleeves or playing your fiddle as he goes to church or finding you coasting with your children on returning from his requisition duties as superintendent of our Sunday School.' "

"What a huge joke," I laughed, "for now you're in for a social inquisition in addition to properly conducted anathema lightning. What did you do, Ernst, with this rich material of your selfishness as against this tobacco-soaked, automobilized, mentally-stunted, but 'safe' banker?" "Of course," Ernst smiled, "it was a rather delicate matter to prove one's unselfishness, but I told him enough of my years of struggle to help my brothers in their education and of my opportunities to help other and unrelated students to show that I honestly believed that the results of this discipline against selfishness in myself,—not to speak of the positive results in my missionary subjects,—incomparably exceeded my former religious practices of self-denial and even the modern church methods. Then, too, one's own long years of hardships in money, bodily strains, deferred love hopes, misunderstood family accusations and estrangements, all endured in a struggle to realize one's ideal of self-development,—these ought to count for something in forming the temper and value of human hearts.

"Then I so wished I could have emphasized more to the well-meaning pastor the virtue of non-conformity. But I did venture to ask him if he didn't allow a place and even an honorable rank to a few serious experimenters in life who are trying on independ-

ent lines to collect and give out the greatest possible amount of true, good, and beautiful things of this life. He allowed that such freaks must exist and that they probably had a function in the general social progress, but woe unto them by whom such things must needs come,—it was too dangerous a role for anyone who had been or could be a safe Christian. When I expressed the conviction that even the broadest spirit of a Christian was a decided limitation to one's contact with many of the highest sources of human happiness he asked if I had tried any of his services since he had officiated at this church. 'No,' I said, 'but I have occasionally read your discourses and, though they must be very helpful to many people who don't have time or opportunity to read much themselves, I've already confessed frankly to you that we all in our home make time every day to live first-hand with the best books. Then one thing I must tell you that we simply could not endure in your services and that is the church music. You should have seen the pastor's astonishment as he exclaimed—'Why, that can't be possible! For we have the highest-priced choir that money can buy in this musical city!' 'The money part may be all very true,' I had to object, 'but, except for an occasional excerpt from the classical composers with a ridiculous adaptation to any kind of biblical words, your choir's music is of the cheapest and most ephemeral sort. And your high-priced choir couldn't give the best or even respectable music even if they wanted to, for they don't know it. I never see them, e. g., at any of the numerous concerts given by our really first-class local musicians and seldom enough at those of the foreign musical artists, where the classic names of Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, and Brahms are a guaranty of our getting the most of the highest emotions.' On the pastor's questioning whether these were composers of church music I couldn't but be a little rude and say bluntly: 'No, they are too good for churches. The more consistent a Christian one is in spirit and habit the more he is shut out from the wonderful world of these immortal composers.'

"Thus we continued on music a while, he expressing a polite desire to try my kind of music if I would send him notice of the best opportunities, until finally I came to a summary of my reasons for withdrawing formally from the church. These points I made, as follows:

"1. With the pubescent mental additions of the emotions of longing, companionship, secretiveness, and imaginative idealization there is a natural imitative tendency for adolescents in Christian surroundings to find expression for these emotions in religious activities and ideas.

"2. With widening experience and real education the theolog-

ical ideas of God, Christ, prayer, immortality, etc., are more or less consciously found to be wanting in proof and also not really necessary—however widespread and temporally useful—for our conduct.

"3. Therefore one's conduct gets down to its actual heart basis of pleasure and pain in their wide psychological sense, and while the religious ideas remain more or less as poetical imaginations in their comforting and stimulating happiness, yet, by losing their dominating and exclusive literal reality they give a chance for one to get the immense additional or even incomparably greater ethical stimulus and comfort from living with real companionship and children, with all that is highest in thought and feeling in our books, science, music, and art, and with healthy ambitions and activities in all these.

"4. Under such conditions is it not better for some persons to formally withdraw from the church; specially where husband and wife are both of this mind, so that they believe the lives of their children can be increased for happiness and usefulness by not living through the religious period?

"To this summary the pastor was most attentive and evidently much affected. He finally said that, although I was the first person who had ever applied to him for such a release, he could urge no further objection and even thought in all kindness that under all the circumstances my name should be removed—although to his deep regret—from this church which I had joined just 25 years ago.

As I at last withdrew from the pastor's office, so I must leave you, my dear chum. Good-night."

"As Ernst thus turned toward his happy home I returned to my lonely fireplace and sat there an hour more, reviewing alone the whole situation. I must confess it had stirred me most deeply; not merely from my own business compromise with the church, making me at last somewhat ashamed of myself, but also from my admiration of the cautious, considerate, independent, and thorough course of Ernst's development of mind and heart. The church people, who appropriate to themselves the philosophic title of "Idealists," look askance at him as an agnostic and brand him as a materialist; but since his life itself is so immeasurably more ideal I wonder whose theory as well as practice of life is true?

Harlow Gale,

Psychological Laboratory, University of Minnesota, Minneapolis.

Not Yet Is Freedom.



NOT yet is freedom: only now a name
In which the traitor-nations hide their shame;
A name black with the cheat of tawdry kings,
And with the praise the brazen statesman brings;
A name polluted by the branded priest,
Who freedom hates the most and trusts the least;
A name to seal the stolen world to wealth—
The wealth that stole the world by blood and stealth;
A name for murder-orgies that but make
Our human life to seem God's dark mistake,
Our earth a blot upon the whole—a scar
And sad derision to each pitying star.

Not yet is freedom: only now a name
In which the red man-hunter hides his shame,
While drinking deep his cup of murder-cheer,
Blessed by the unclean priests of templed fear;
A name to flaunt upon the wondering seas
In vulgar wars and coward victories,
While our assassin-governments betray,
And send the conjured herd to hunt and slay,
The weak and primal peoples of the earth,
Ere freedom in their lands shall come to birth—
Betray and slay to give to wealth the peace
That serves its iron dominion to increase.

Not yet is freedom: only now a name
In which the strong wealth-master hides from shame
The world-mill of his economic might,
Which turns life's every gift and grace to blight—
The might which all obey and none defy,
And by which vassals for him steal and buy
The labor, fruits and laws of every land,
The product of each faith and brain and hand,
The children's hearts devoured by the machine,
The service of the elements unseen,
The temple and the god, the begging school,
These sodden states which leering criminals rule.

Not yet is freedom: only now a name
In which the servile mobs would hide their shame—
The courtier-parasites we call our great,
Their loathsome offices of church and state;

The honors that are lewd, ignoble gains
 Of those who gild or rivet labor-chains;
 The ignorant and chattered mobs that scroll
 The laws that but debauch the nation's soul;
 The mobs that for the strong wealth-master write,
 And pulpiteers that call his darkness light;
 Historic schools that grovel at his feet,
 And fallen arts that for his crumbs compete.

Not yet is freedom: only now a name
 In which a wanton age would hide its shame—
 An age without a soul, without a faith;
 An age that hears but what the liar saith,
 That makes a glory of its perfidy
 Toward every trust and truth of liberty;
 An age abandoned to the ruthless strong,
 Who know in creed or practice but one wrong—
 Resistance to the hunger of their might,
 Or question of its predatory right;
 An age whose greatness is the drunk of wine,
 And labor is the press and grape and vine.

Not to our age may freedom's order come,
 Nor earth to it become a comrade-home.
 We may not bear the truth of freedom yet,
 Nor our besotted, flunky age forget,
 With freedom shouted from each traitor's roof.
 Its name a warp for every tyrant's woof.
 Our age's freedom is a master's cheat,
 To bring the hope of labor to defeat;
 These states that boast of freedom little more
 Than watchers set to guard the robber's store;
 Their patriotism but a bannered crime,
 Fit for the murder-glory of our time.

We may not learn the law of freedom yet,
 Nor yet our monstrous anarchy forget,
 While still these lawless, criminal governments
 Stand but to buy and sell the confidence
 Of labor-agony that fills the world;
 To tear the labor-banners still unfurled,
 In factory swamps, or in the high-road heat
 Where storms of hate upon the strikers beat.
 Yea, we are lower than the lowest slaves,
 And high above us are the common knaves,
 While still we bind and kill in freedom's name,
 And give to freedom's name our murder-shame.

To freedom's soul we are the lost and dead
While still the festival of blood we spread—
The festival in which the world is schooled,
For which the drunken nations all are ruled ;
And we but make of freedom's blackened name
Stained coin of barter for our world of shame—
A world that praises reddest crimes of might,
But ne'er forgives who dares the utter right ;
A world whose governments by treason live,
That they the earth-toil may to masters give,
And make the roots of labor-slavery sure—
Roots deep and strong, and century-secure.

Till labor and the life of all are free,
To none can come the good of liberty.
Freer than earth's most unprotesting slave
No man nor nation is, or can be—save
As they who love the fellowship may seek
Their freedom in the bonds borne by the meek.
It is the slave who must the master free ;
For slavery brings a fearful leprosy
That marks the master ere it marks the man,
And deeper marks the courtier who can,
With cynic comfort, speak the great earth-wrong
That lures to slavery still with freedom's song.

The soul of freedom is pursued and lost,
The name a lie to men by traitors tossed,
Because we seek it in the master's fights.
Or hunt the mystic's solitary heights.
But not in these may freedom's soul be found ;
Rather where these are not is freedom's ground
Freedom is fellowship, and only that,
And this the gate of life the earth knocks at
Within the life which fellowship has willed
Are freedom's pictured promises fulfilled.
There, is the soul of freedom found in truth ;
There, aged earth may bloom in freedom's youth.

When all of life shall unto each belong,
And work become life's overflow and song,
Then freedom's joy shall crowd the comrade-years,
And comrade-life forget the ancient fears.
Then shall the earth become man's home at last,
Red torments of the wilderness full past ;
Each free to choose his work amidst the whole,

According to the pattern in his soul;
Each loosed and free to find and love his own,
Love loosed from tragedy or doubt or moan;
Each life original and masterful;
Each man a god, arrayed and beautiful.

Geo. D. Herron.

Pegli, Italy, May 7, 1902.

Some Lessons of the Belgian Movement.



As far as I have been able to see, the American press has taken considerable notice of the recent events in Belgium. I must say that, apart from a few minor errors, the general impression conveyed by the press reports was quite in keeping with the actual facts. The movement was rather violent at a certain moment, but this violence did not proceed from those who were denounced as rioters. On the contrary, it was started by those who carried out the orders of the government.

I have indicated in former communications what the aim of the movement was: universal suffrage pure and simple. With universal suffrage, the clerical government would be overthrown and the Liberal-Socialist element would be in control, with the Socialists in the majority. What an immense change this would be for the political situation in our country, is apparent, and this explains the stubborn resistance of the Catholics. Never before has any public movement met such a resistance in Belgium. We were surprised by it ourselves.

I do not wish to describe the events, but I rather propose to draw some practical conclusions. However, in order to explain our attitude, I must say that the repressive measures of the government were outrageous from the first moment when the demonstrations began. We knew, then, that the reaction wanted violence in spite of the calmness of our men, that they promoted violence and would have been glad to butcher and imprison our militant comrades in order to destroy the work of the Parti Ouvrier.

The question confronting us was then: Shall we commence a civil war, an actual violent revolution? This we did not want, for good reasons: First, a badly armed crowd can no longer cope with regular troops, as they did in 1848, now that the regulars are armed with Albin and Mauser rifles. We should have to count on the insubordination of the troops, and although there are many Socialists in the army, thanks to our propaganda, still the discipline is as yet too rigid to permit our counting without fail on any subordination. Could we really afford, under these conditions, to risk the lives of our bravest men and to sacrifice the future of all our institutions for the purpose of bringing the victory of universal suffrage a few years nearer? Besides, violent revolutions are not only impossible to-day, they are also no longer the strongest weapons of the proletariat. The methods are no longer the same. Our present method, the organization of the workers into a class party consisting of various groups, is far

more sure, serious and effective. We could, therefore, only recommend calmness, and this advice was well heeded. But just at this moment, the trade unions began everywhere to discuss the question of the general strike, although no general decision to this effect had been made. Resolutions in favor of this measure were passed unanimously. The general committee then thought that it might be a last resort to obtain some concessions from the government. It was therefore decided to support the movement for a general strike. But our feeble hope was of short duration, and the general committee declared the strike off after a few days.

The general strike had no prospect of success for several reasons. It came too late to be of any help to a violent uprising. If it had begun a little earlier, the great number of strikers would have considerably increased the crowds of demonstrators. The result would have been, furthermore, that the soldiers would have been recalled into their quarters while the strike was already on, and this would have created quite a different sentiment among them. But as the strike was declared after the soldiers had been called in, and we were continually advising calmness, the strike could only have an economic aim, viz., the cessation of the production of wealth. In order to be felt in this respect, it would have to last sufficiently long. But we were not prepared to take care of 350,000 strikers. Therefore it was better to stop at once than to exhaust all our resources and to incur the discouragement that would follow inevitably.

At any rate, these events have given us the comforting assurance that the Belgian proletariat will follow us in a general strike, and that success in this line is only a matter of resources. The spontaneousness of the strike, the admirable discipline maintained by 350,000 men, the wisdom and composure manifested by the party under the most trying circumstances, all these are elements of a certain and near victory.

True, the decision to call off the general strike has caused discontent among some comrades. It would be strange, if this were not the case, and simply proves the pugnacious spirit of our friends. But there is no discouragement of any kind. We don't acknowledge any defeat, we have not lost anything. A special convention called immediately after the events in Brussels sanctioned the order calling off the strike by a great majority. In the future we shall probably count less on violence and more on organization, and this will be an advantage.

Emile Vinck.

(Translated by E. Untermann.)

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

III. American Capitalism in Flower.



OUR investigation of the economic history of this country now reaches a stage which is the last but one in our division of the subject. It covers approximately the time from the end of the Civil War to the beginning of the nineties of the past century.

The industrial capitalism of the North had vanquished the agricultural feudalism of the South, was now galloping along as the ruler of the country, and rushing through the course of its development with hurricane speed. Turning to the great and actually dominating facts of economic history, we mark the following which we discuss in succession as briefly as possible.

As one of the most essential factors which produced this development we first name

The Accumulation of Capital.

It is one of the peculiarities of capitalist development in America that the great part of capital accumulates in the form of money. This form is most easily exchangeable, and also demands more urgently than any other the immediate investment for the production of surplus value. Primitive accumulation goes hand in hand with modern modes of accumulation which are considered legal as long as they do not formally and openly violate the laws of capitalist society. The main sources of primitive accumulation are the same here as they were in the older European countries, viz., fraud, theft, robbery, and murder. One of these sources now began to flow in the shape of spoils to army contractors. By far the greater part of the new capital appearing after the war came from the enormous profits of these contractors, and it is well known, and in many cases officially acknowledged, that these profits were made by more or less crooked and well nigh undisguised "deals." "Embalmed beef" was even at that time a popular article, at least among army contractors, if not among soldiers.

A few years later, speculation in railroads and land became a still greater source of new capital. Under the pretense of assisting the building of the railroad to the Pacific, Congress granted whole kingdoms to the railroad companies—a strip of land ten miles wide on each side of the completed tracks, amounting to a grant of twenty miles for the whole length of the railroad. In this way the Pacific railroad alone received not less than 250,000,000 acres of that land which was most desirable, because it was in the immediate vicinity of the road and would naturally gain

most by the rise in land values caused by the building of the road. Being barred from free settlement, this land could later on only be bought at outrageous prices from the railroads. As to the national wealth in free land obtainable during this stage, there seemed to be still an inexhaustible supply of it toward the end of the eighties. We emphasize that the supply of government land which could be obtained by settlers practically for nothing, viz., on payment of the registering fee, SEEMED inexhaustible to the popular mind.

The specifically American style of "baiting the rurals," a high-handed method of expropriating the small farmers by robbery, more accurately described in Marx's "Capital," and criminal even according to capitalist law, was practiced in all its brutality until quite recently. Only the place of the farmer was here taken by the redskin. True, whenever it was decided to cheat the aborigines out of the land, which had been guaranteed to them by solemn treaties, in order to give it away to railroad companies or other landsharks, the actors on the public stage in Washington always observed the strictest legal proceedings, at the same time holding their open hand behind their backs toward the lobby. But behind the scenes, away back in the woods of the far West, the law-abiding pale faces acted according to the eminently Christian maxim: "The only good Indian is a dead Indian." The agents who were employed by the government to serve out the stipulated rations to the redskins added the useful to the pleasant by keeping the money in their own pockets or dividing it with the contractors and thus making their charges, the "wards of the Nation," desperate: for when the Indians, lashed into desperation by hunger, revolted, they were cut down in scores by the federal troops, and their land, so valuable for capitalist exploitation, fell into the hands of the representatives of American civilization almost free of charge—an excellent transaction for such good Christians and honest patriots.

Railroads, telegraphs, mining, manufacturing and industrial establishments of every description were springing up like hot-house plants. American bourgeois had no need of Guizot's advice: "Enrich yourselves!"

Class Antagonisms

are now beginning to manifest themselves distinctly and conspicuously. A well-known Christian Socialist writer, speaking of conditions immediately after the Civil War, says that they are characterized by a sudden and wonderful accumulation of wealth in the hands of successful adventurers. Never had the contrast between rich and poor been so pronounced. Translated from the Christian Socialist into the Socialist language, this means that the Class antagonism between the bourgeois and the

proletarian, between the capitalist and the laborer, now made itself felt with full force.

The Development of the Forces of Production.

It would require whole volumes to fully appreciate this factor which now develops its power. Not alone the increase of motive power, its multiplication in the steam engines, and its intensification by electricity would have to be considered, but still more the field of labor saving machines and implements, in which America excels all other countries. The improvements made in this line are so numerous, and many of them are so nearly of equal merit, that it does not seem feasible to quote any single example. Most wonderful and far-reaching in their effects are the improvements in that department of production which is distinguished in all other countries by its stubborn adherence to traditional methods—agriculture. At least, this is true of the northwestern and pacific states, where the extensive plains make the use of agricultural machinery possible. This naturally led to an unprecedented elevation of the standard in such machinery. The superiority of America was most surprisingly manifested in the steel and iron business, but it was little inferior in other industrial branches. The employment of the best and latest machinery was also accompanied by the most improved organization of the process of production, the most advanced division of labor, and last not least—the most excessive and, from the capitalist standpoint, most rational exploitation and driving of the laboring man. All this gave rise to a new quality of American capitalism, which is commonly expressed in these words: "American labor is cheapest, although it is the most expensive." The germ of truth and sense contained in this sentence is transformed into the opposite by the wrong and misleading wording, so that it appears as an indissoluble contradiction. The same word is here used in two different senses.

The capitalist buys the labor power of the workingman at its full exchange value and pays its price in money, called "wages." The workingman has to deliver his sold labor power by producing a commodity. The capitalist, having bought labor power at its exchange value, exploits it by taking its full use value, and the workingman produces an article which not only covers his wages, but also furnishes to the capitalist an amount above these wages—surplus value.

We need not dwell any further on this well-known Marxian theory of surplus value. It is sufficient to remember that what we call "labor product" is often called simply labor and must always and everywhere have a greater value than that which modern economists term "labor power," while vulgar bourgeois

economy jumbles together indiscriminately productive activity, labor power and labor product, labelling them all labor without distinction. It is this haziness of conception which we must clear up in order to arrive at the solution of the problem before us.

If we say that American labor is cheapest, although it is the most expensive, we are referring to labor in the first half of the sentence as the product of labor, in the second half as labor power. This can be easily demonstrated.

Take it, e. g., that wages in our iron and steel industry are double what they are in England; but thanks to our more highly developed technique and the more intensive exploitation of the laborer, 1,000 men in America produce 4,000 tons of steel in the same time in which 1,000 men in England produce 1,000 tons. The relative wage, or the quota of labor cost per ton, is then only half as high here as it is over there, in spite of the doubled scale of wage. Now this is actually the general condition. We see, then, that the American product is cheaper, because the labor cost is lower, or, in other words, because the labor power of the American laborer, measured by the value of his product, is cheaper than that of the laborers in other countries. The social effect of the technical and exploiting superiority of America has still two other sides: For society as a whole, the more rapid development of the material conditions of a higher social order, of socialism, and for the working class an intensification of the capitalist tendency toward progressive deterioration of the conditions of life. This is shown in the lowering of the average yearly wage, to be felt equally by the receiver of increased, stationary or reduced wages. This tendency is only feebly checked by the opposition of the working class, especially the trade unions.

The most characteristic mark of this tendency is the final exhaustion of the free land which can be cultivated without the help of gigantic arrangements for artificial irrigation. A report of the Department of the Interior to Congress plainly reveals that the supply of such land had almost, if not entirely, disappeared in 1893 or 1894. Nothing remained for new colonists but the back country, removed from the lines of transportation and water courses. A great part of this country is occupied by the so-called "North American Desert," the arid lands between the hundredth degree of longitude and the Rocky Mountains.

The general settlement of the West and the corresponding multiplication of agricultural concerns naturally resulted in an equally large increase of the output of agricultural products. The United States thus became the main exporter of breadstuffs and canned meat during this epoch, and overproduction in agriculture became a chronic evil for the farming population.

We must here stop in our attempt to give a clear summary of the economic history of the third epoch and be satisfied to have sketched at least the most important factors.

The Political History of the Third Period—A Three-Cornered Fight

The political struggles and endeavors of the thirty years from the end of the Civil War to the beginning of the nineties have the general character of a three-cornered fight.

In one corner we see the Republican party, the victorious champion of the great industrials and protectionists, the capitalist party "par excellence." In another the Democratic party, which also represents some great capitalists, even at this stage, but only those whose interests as financiers and importers are not identical with those of the manufacturers. Apart from these great capitalist elements, this party is the party of the small bourgeoisie and of those little business men who expect to derive certain advantages from the abolition of certain duties. It is on the whole the party of the small people.

In the third corner we find the wage workers. Up to about the end of this period, the American working class has no significant political organization whatever. All the more is it organized for the economic fight which is to be carried on by the trade unions. Numbering about 600,000 members in 1886, the membership of the trade unions has continually increased since then. It even increased during the crisis of 1893-95, the popular prejudice of certain socialists to the contrary notwithstanding, and to-day it comprises about one and a half millions of men and women. A temporary, but insignificant, setback was given to the trade unions by the crisis of 1873-77. After that their stability and general expansion could not be prevented. The end of each industrial depression saw the trade unions in a stronger and more able-bodied condition than the beginning. The gradually weakening echoes of the old feud about the question of state rights and the authority of the national government still float back and forth for a while between the two capitalist parties. At bottom this is only an expression of the economic antagonism, which has lately found vent in the demand for a protective tariff on one side and free trade on the other.

Another conflict of economic interests produces a different effect. The great industrials, represented by the Republican party, have felt the thorn of the labor organizations in their side. The national convention of the Republicans, therefore, raises a cry for a "strong administration" in 1880. A government is wanted that will interfere with rifle and sword, if the wage slaves should dare to rebel against the liberty of skinning them. The first instance of this case on a large scale is the railroad strike in

1877, which led to furious street fights between the laborers and soldiers. This radical tendency of the Republican party had its hero in General Grant, the famous "man on horseback," who did not, however, receive the coveted third term, but had to give way to the more moderate and comparatively decent General Garfield. The Grant boom was a little too premature.

The most pronounced influence of this period was for the time being exerted by a fourth economic factor, viz., the agrarian question in its specifically American form. It began by producing a rearrangement of the political constellation. Our farmers see in the watering of the currency, or let us say in the reduction of the purchasing power of the dollar, the means for accomplishing their one life purpose; the most complete relief from their mortgage debts. If they can only obtain a greater number of dollars for their produce, it is of little moment to them that the dollar will buy only half as much as formerly, for they produce nearly all their own necessities. The reduction of the value of the dollar by half is precisely the welcome means by which they may give half the equivalent for a mortgage or a rent that was contracted on the basis of the full value of the dollar. As for the American wage worker, the greater part of them are not yet class-conscious and always inclined to be dragged along in the political wake of the agricultural and metropolitan bourgeoisie, and to take part in a political mistake of the little exploiters. This intellectual shortcoming is partly accompanied by the idea of a "universal brotherhood," and makes very strange political bedfellows of farmers and wage-workers, especially in the West. Out of these economic conditions and the lack of intellectual maturity arose first the Greenback Labor party, a reform party made up largely of wage-workers, dreaming of an issue of government notes as the solution of the social question. They received about 82,000 votes for this political folly of a paper standard and assignment currency. But later on, when the overproduction in the silver mines had brought about an unprecedented fall in the price of silver, and when the agricultural overproduction had at the same time depressed the price of grain to a ruinously low level, the little bourgeois longing for depreciated money assumed the disguise of the free silver movement. A third now joined the company of the farmer and wage-worker—the silver king, who had a big finger in the pie during this transformation of the greenback agitation into a free silver movement. Free silver on the irretrievably lost basis of sixteen to one is now demanded. They speak of a double standard, but they mean the silver standard.

The Democratic party, predestined by its little bourgeois nature to become the champion of this and similar quack notions,

at first resisted the temptations of the silver-tongued agitators. In 1884 and 1892 it still stood on a sound money platform and captured the presidency in both campaigns with Grover Cleveland as a candidate. But then the end has come. The silver craze mounts to its brains and begins to break its neck.

During this time the revolutionary thought has certainly grown in intensity and volume among the American workingmen, though it is still somewhat affected by utopian ideas. The organization and votes of the Socialist party are not yet felt at this period.

J. L. Franz.

(Concluded in next issue.)

EDITORIAL

The Coal Strike.

The coal miners of America are just entering upon what promises to be one of the most memorable struggles between exploiter and exploited that have taken place in many years. About 160,000 miners have lain down their tools and are demanding better conditions of life and work as a condition of once more selling themselves into wage-slavery.

As to the merits of the question, even the mouth-pieces of capitalism can find little to say in favor of the mine-owners. Judged even by the ethics of exploitation, the misery and degradation of the anthracite miner has been condemned over and over again. Congressional committees, newspaper reporters, sensational novelists and sober historians have vied with each other in the effort to discover words and phrases strong enough to condemn adequately the conditions under which these workers in the blackened midnight of the mines must live and labor.

The story of the grinding, hopeless toil, petty cheating, false weighing and insolent tyranny endured by the dwellers in the "company" owned, ruled and cursed mining towns of the anthracite coal region, has been told so many times that there is no need of further repetition.

Neither need the specific nature of the present demands concern us. When men are asking for additional crumbs from a loaf, all of which they created and are entitled to receive, it is not for outsiders to question whether the particular portions demanded are most needed. The miners have not asked for too much; of that we may be assured. Whatever they have asked for every laborer or friend of labor's cause will rejoice to see them obtain.

The strike has so far shown few startling or novel features. The National Civic Federation, that clever combination of dupes and duped, succeeded once more in proving its value to the masters by interfering at the beginning and securing just the delay that the mine-owners needed to prepare for the fight. Just at present it seems to have stepped one side to await another opportunity to display its treacherous sympathy for labor. We hope the officials of the United Mine Workers have learned their lesson sufficiently well not to give the Hanna arbitrators another opportunity to get in their dirty work. If the officials do permit further meddling from this source it cannot but give rise to suspicions of the honesty of those officials. Ignorance can no longer be pleaded as an excuse.

There is strong probability of the calling of a national convention to

decide upon the question of the bituminous miners also going out. If they should conclude to join their anthracite brethren the struggle would at once reach a scale attained by but few of the great industrial battles of the last century.

Whatever may be done, the miners may be sure of the sympathy and support of every member of the Socialist party. In its organized form the party has been quick to express this sympathy, and if an appeal for financial assistance is made, as there soon must be if the strike is not terminated, the party will be quick to give substantial form to its sympathy.

The Socialist party is the only political party that will do this. It is the only political organization that dares to express its sympathy for the miners at the only time when they are in need of sympathy and support. Next fall, when no battle is being fought, and when no assistance is needed, the old party politicians will be full of sympathy. Just now, when help is so terribly needed, when every trifle of outside assistance counts so heavily, there comes no sound from Democratic nor Republican headquarters.

Let the miners and other workmen as well bear this fact in mind. The miners are not socialists. Most of them will probably vote against socialism at the next election, as they have at previous ones. But they are laborers, who just at this time are engaged in a portion of the great class struggle against capitalism, and the Socialist party is the political expression of the laboring class and the political representative of labor in that struggle, whether the laborers themselves have sense enough to know it or not, and therefore it is on the side of the laboring class wherever and whenever it is battling for better conditions.

Some day the miners will grow intelligent enough to ask for the mines and all their toil produces. When they do this they will find that it is much easier to get this greater thing than the trifling favors for which they are now so desperately struggling. Just drop the request, in the form of a socialist ticket, in the ballot box and the victory is won.

We are glad to be able to give the welcome news to our readers that in response to frequent urgings from us, Comrade Emile Vandervelde and wife have at last consented to come to this country for a lecture tour during the coming campaign. They will arrive in New York the last of August, and will probably make a trip through New England and Canada, then to Chicago via Detroit, visiting a few cities further west and returning by way of Cincinnati, Pittsburg, Philadelphia, etc., to New York again. Nothing definite has been arranged, however, as the news of their coming has only just been received. Feeling that the direction of any such lecture trip is properly the work of the National Executive Committee, the whole matter has been turned over to them, and all communications on the subject should be addressed to Comrade Leon Greenbaum, Emille Building, St. Louis. Comrade Vandervelde is one of the most prominent figures in the socialist movement at the present time. He does not feel that his command of English is sufficient for him to make speeches in that language, but Madam Lalla Vandervelde, his wife, is an English woman, and a

talented writer and worker for socialism and will deliver the lectures in English. They will also bring stereopticon views of the Belgian co-operatives, which will be equally intelligible in all languages.

The article on "The Pastor's Office" in this number is sure to attract much attention and to arouse many critics. To these last we would first call attention to the statement carried on our inside cover page, that the publication of any article without comment is in no way to be construed as an editorial indorsement of any position in the article. In the second place, we believe that this particular article contains some of the keenest analysis ever published of the way in which capitalism is making its influence felt upon some of the greatest forces of the age, and also of the way in which the dawning spirit of rebellion against that capitalism is battling for the mastery. With the theological and metaphysical conclusions, in so far as any are drawn, we are not concerned. Still less do such conclusions form any part of socialism. But socialists are interested in the effect of economic environment upon every field of human activity, and such effects are a part of socialism. As to whether Professor Gale is correct as to those effects and whether the picture he has drawn is a photograph, a forecast or a caricature, is for our readers to determine. Whatever these conclusions, we believe they will find his discussion one of the most suggestive that has appeared in these columns for some time.

The present number completes the second year and volume of the International Socialist Review. Of the achievements of those two years, or their struggles and disappointments, we do not care to speak. Suffice it to say that the Review has now come to be recognized throughout the socialist world as the American organ for the discussion and scientific exposition of Socialism.

Its future success and growth depends upon the support which we receive from American socialists. We are giving as good, indeed a much better publication, than the present support justifies. Articles now on hand and promised for the near future enable us to assure our readers of continuous improvement if they but do their share. If those who really feel the need of such a publication in this country would but give a little of their time for the next few weeks in getting those who are really willing to assist, but too careless or uninterested to take the initiative, to enroll themselves as subscribers, the Review would be at once relieved from all financial concern.

SOCIALISM ABROAD

E. Untermann.

France.

The recent general elections in France found five distinct socialist tickets in the field, besides numerous shades of indistinct and doubtful candidates who were fishing in turbid waters by labeling themselves socialist. There were the Guesdists, the Blanquists, the Jauresists (Millerandists), Allemanists, and the autonomous federations of every color. A heterogeneous mass of genuine, adulterated and bogus socialist manifestos flooded the political market. How many well-meaning seekers for the "real thing" were bewildered and lost in this garden of mazes will never be known. That 860,722 straight socialist votes were cast under these circumstances speaks well for the political maturity of the French workingmen.

The "Union Socialiste Revolutionnaire" (the Guesdists and Blanquists) issued a manifesto fully in keeping with the declarations of international socialism. This joint document was further supplemented by separate campaign manifestos of each of the two parties. Their candidates worked in accord with the principles of their respective conventions, and their work was distinguished by a uniformity and discipline that formed a marked contrast with the planless attitude of the other parties.

There was furthermore the manifesto of the "Interfederal Committee" (the former General Committee), which was distributed in 40,000 copies. The other parties each had manifestos of their own, many of which were fearfully and wonderfully made. And some of the ministerialist candidates, not content with the liberal supply of manifestos, manufactured one of their own, sparkling in all the hues of the multi-colored political palette.

As the manifestos, so the tactics. The Millerandists made no pretense to fight the battle along proletarian lines. Their candidates continued the policy of being a mere caudal appendix to the bourgeois democracy and any means promising to catch votes were welcomed. In Jaures' department the party entered into a compromise with the radicals, according to which the socialists placed only another candidate into the field beside Jaures and left their other four election districts, in which thousands of socialist votes had been cast on previous occasions, to the radicals. In other districts the same dickerings was resorted to. Some of the ministerialist socialists opened their meetings under the chairmanship of a capitalist deputy and accepted the indorsement of capitalist politicians.

The "Union Socialiste Revolutionnaire" had candidates in 570 election districts (Corsica excepted); 508 candidates belonged to the Guesdists, 47 to the Blanquists, 15 to other affiliated socialist bodies. The other parties made no attempt to push their propaganda into all election districts. The general result of the first ballot in the provinces was as follows: Ministerialist socialists, 416,755 votes; anti-ministerialists, 223,750 (Guesdists, 169,716; Blanquists, 34,527; others, 19,507); unclassified socialists, 24,147. To these figures must be added those of the Seine department: Ministerialists, 99,625; anti-ministerialists, 96,446 (Guesdists and Blanquists, 76,103; Allemanists, 13,443; unclassified, 6,900). Paris cast 139,044 votes out of a total of 498,461.

As a result of the first ballot, the election returned 81 ministerialist republicans, 83 radicals, 49 socialist radicals, 22 socialists, 42 nationalists, 81 ministerialist republicans, 47 conservatives, 2 independent anti-ministerialist socialists. The second ballot in 171 districts brought the number of socialist representatives in the Chamber of Deputies up to 47 (formerly 43), in a total of 581, 32 of whom are ministerialists and 15 anti-ministerialists (9 Blanquists, 4 Guesdists, 2 unclassified). The Seine department alone elected 14 socialists.

Jaures and Millerand succeeded in maintaining their positions, the latter by a majority of 250 votes. Guesde was beaten in Lille, although he increased his vote, as were Viviani and Allemane in Paris. Vaillant scored a splendid victory against three capitalist candidates, carrying his district in Paris by a great majority in spite of an increase of 2,700 new voters since 1898. The Guesdist mayor Delory was re-elected in Lille. Comrade de Pressense, a well-known socialist writer, won out in Lyons, although it was the first socialist campaign in his district. In the island of Guadeloupe (West Indies), Comrade Gerault-Richard, of Paris, the editor in chief of "La Petite Republique," was elected.

Compared with the results of former elections, the last campaign still shows an increase in spite of the disastrous dissensions in the ranks of our French comrades. In 1893, the first great socialist campaign in France, 440,000 votes were cast for socialism; in 1898, 751,554; in 1902, 860,722. The number of deputies elected in 1893 was 32. In 1898 it rose to 38. It was further increased by two volunteers who joined afterward, and by 3 supplementary victories in the after-elections, making a total of 43. The present gain of 4 new seats shows how well established the socialist movement is in France. Given a united front, and the French comrades would be the leading factor in the politics of their country.

Germany.

The communal elections in the suburbs of Berlin increased the number of socialist councillors from 23 in 1900 to 43 in 28 different communities. The number of votes rose from 4,450 in 1900 to 8,199. In 13 of these 28 suburbs there are no socialist representatives yet. Socialist propaganda still finds great difficulties at election times. In many of these suburbs, the socialists cannot obtain any halls to hold their meetings, and as street meetings are not permitted, they have no other means of agitation but the distribution of literature. Very often

the hours of voting are so chosen that a workingman cannot vote without losing money. In other places the socialists cannot put up any candidates who are property owners. These difficulties, together with the plural system of voting, make socialist progress almost impossible. The aim of the socialists is to capture the third class of voters for socialism. The reason is plain; when we see that in these communal elections 1,075 voters of the first class and 4,763 of the second class could outvote 45,512 voters of the third class. In view of such figures, we can understand what a socialist majority in such places as Breslau, Luebeck, and similar industrial centers, means. In Luebeck, the liberals intend to run Prince Henry as a candidate for the Reichstag in the hope that the presence of the Prince will prove an effective charm against the socialist specter.

The Christmas edition of the "Vorwaerts" has been released at last and Comrade Glocke, the responsible publisher, acquitted of the charge of inciting to riot. The number was to have been released on May 1. But when Comrade Glocke appeared in the afternoon at police headquarters to inquire why it had not yet been delivered, he could only find one solitary sergeant, who professed to know nothing about the matter. "Just think of it," says "Vorwaerts," with dry humor. "Only one policeman at headquarters at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Suppose the revolution had broken out, what terrible consequences might have followed! And on the first of May, too." But that was just the reason why the Christmas number was not delivered. Besides, the emperor was holding a parade on the Tempelhofer field and needed all the policemen on foot and horseback to keep the "mob" back. And the blamed socialists were holding May day parades and picnics at all the thirty-two points of the compass. How could the police department be expected to attend to its office business? May day was celebrated wherever the authorities permitted it, and according to the reports from all the parts of the empire, the participation was very numerous.

Switzerland.

Active volcanoes are not very pleasant company. Nevertheless, bourgeois society would rather put up with them than with the socialist movement. The exploiters console themselves with the reflection that volcanoes are natural forces, while the socialists are the unnatural product of a deviation from the "natural and harmonious beauty" of the competitive system. However, that does not make the presence of the socialists any less natural, as the Swiss capitalists lately found out to their great sorrow.

Volcanoes are at least considerate enough to give fair warning of their evil intentions. But the Swiss socialists, without the least notice, swept their capitalist opponents off the field in the recent elections. Of course, there were many straws that predicted the coming change. But the capitalists are wont to interpret these signs according to principles that are as much in keeping with the times as the science of the Roman augurs. Therefore they were not particularly alarmed when the Cantonal federation of the Zurich Gruetli and Labor Unions, comprising 44 sections with 2,700 members, joined the socialists and

adopted the name "Social Democratic Party of the Canton of Zurich." And they paid little attention to the news that the German, Austrian and Hungarian socialists in Switzerland were getting together in planning an international convention.

The bourgeoisie was therefore dumbfounded when the general elections in Zurich resulted in the return of 41 socialists, viz., 30 in the city and 11 in the country districts. Comrade Ernst was re-elected president of the cantonal council with 48,379 votes. In the Canton of St. Gallen, Comrade Scherer was elected with 29,098 votes, against 20,520 of his opponent. In the Canton of Bern, 7 socialists were elected in the city, 5 in Biel, and three in the districts of Nidau, Bollingen, and Pruntrut, making the number of socialist representatives in the Cantonal council 15 as against 10 previously returned. The canton of Basle sent 16 new socialist members into the great council, bringing the total number of socialists in that body from 12 to 22, and carrying off a cabinet seat for Comrade Wollenschlaeger. This is the fourth socialist minister in Switzerland.

Sweden.

General strikes don't fail everywhere. The events in Belgium induced the comrades in Sweden to go and do likewise, and as they had no clerical party to contend with, and also happen to be ruled by one of the most enlightened and progressive monarchs in the world, the outcome was more gratifying than in Belgium. Not that the police and soldiers did not kill and wound as freely as their Belgian colleagues in arms, as soon as they were let loose on the peaceful parades demonstrating in favor of more equitable election laws. Their training had not been in vain, and the Swedish capitalists are quite as ready to impress the proletariat with their superiority as all other exploiters. But there being no followers of the only licensed church in control of the parliament, the interpellations of the radical representatives were sufficient to bring the chief of police to his senses and permit a peaceful solution of the question.

The socialist deputy Branting demanded universal suffrage without any restrictions. Whether this will be granted or only the amended bill passed, which gives the right to vote to all men 25 years of age, who either own property in land worth 300 kroner, or other fixed property worth 600 kroner, or a yearly income of at least 500 kroner, and who have paid their taxes for the last two years and served their time in the army or navy, could not be learned at the date of this writing. The capitalist press reports stating that the bill granting universal suffrage was passed by the House do not give any information on this point. They admit, however, that the success of the socialists was due mainly to the declaration of the general strike and the determination of the leaders to keep it up until the discussion in parliament should have taken a favorable turn for the working class.

THE WORLD OF LABOR

By Max S. Hayes.

Secretary Greenbaum, of the Socialist party, announces that a number of new locals as well as several states have been chartered. John C. Chase has been doing very effective work among the unions of Illinois and Missouri; Stitt Wilson in Oregon, Bigelow and Vail in Pennsylvania and other Eastern states; Debs in Colorado and the West, and a dozen or more speakers in various localities have also been kept busy spreading the doctrine among the political heathen. The spring municipal elections, which have shown marked gains, with few exceptions here and there, served to inspire the progressive workers with enthusiasm and confidence, and demands for speakers and literature are on the increase, according to national and the various state headquarters. The outlook for a strong increase in the Socialist party vote again this fall is very bright, especially since the De Leon party has practically disappeared and the so-called "Allied party" seems to have "died a-bornin'."

During the past couple of months the "Big 4" meat combine has come in for the fiercest kind of denunciations because prices were advanced all along the line, and the wildest kinds of schemes have also been suggested to defeat the magnates at their own game. In the sensational press co-operative packing houses were brought into being over night here and there, but up to date none of them have turned out any meats. In different parts of the country labor organizations have also adopted long strings of whereases and resolves that the members would bust the trust by refusing to feed flesh into their stomachs. The reply of the hog combine has been to purchase millions of dozens of eggs, tons of poultry, mountains of potatoes and apples and place them in storage houses. And now 'tis reported that additional storage houses are to be built and utilized for all kinds of vegetables and produce, also that prices of hides are to be advanced to leather dealers, and that the fish trust is to be brought into the new "community of interests." The barons have discovered that the people must and will eat, and that there is big money in raising prices and insuring prosperity and full dinner pails.

The Atlantic steamship trust is now a reality, seven lines having been formed into a "community of interests" by Organizer Morgan, with something like \$800,000,000 capital to start with. Close alliances will be maintained with the railway combines, and it is expected that with the economies that can be introduced, competitors will be forced to stand and deliver in a short time. At least some of the European governments look at it in that way, and there is great sorrow among

the small fry, one New York shipper making the statement that there are 800 boats in and about that port that are unable to secure cargoes. Brother Morgan received \$12,000,000 for organizing this new union of capital—a little more than the average labor organizer receives.

Mine workers charge that their mail is being stolen by operators or their lackeys in small mining centers. A United States inspector recently caught a boss red-handed in Kentucky, but it is questionable whether he will be convicted, as he will come up for a hearing before Judge Evans, at Louisville, who is notorious as an injunction-thrower.

The brewery workers' strike in Cincinnati has settled down to a test of endurance. With the exception of the Herancourt product, all Cincinnati beer is now being boycotted. The struggle has brought the "autonomy" question to the front as nothing ever did before. The brewery workers claim jurisdiction over all employes in breweries. The engineers and firemen objected and were supported by the employers. The A. F. of L. executive council decided that the engineers and firemen have jurisdiction, but they must support the brewery workers by withdrawing their men from the boycotted concerns. Then the courts stepped in and issued an injunction to prevent such a move, probably to the great relief of the engineers and firemen, who are attempting to neutralize the effects of the boycott. The matter will be dragged into the next A. F. of L. convention, and the war will be fiercely waged.

In Battle Creek, Mich., the socialists are conducting a novel contest. They offer five prizes of \$5 to the scholars in as many grades of schools and business colleges who write the best essays on socialism. The prizes are distributed at a mass meeting.

Union labor tickets in quite a number of places were successful in the spring elections, and sentiment in favor of independent political action is rapidly on the increase. The "labor mayor" business is being widely discussed in trade union circles.

A Philadelphia daily paper charges that three hundred iron and steel workers at McKeesport, Pa., have been blacklisted by the billion-dollar octopus. In other places scores of workers have also been placed on the blacklist.

Striking textile workers of Olneyville, R. I., twice rejected offers of Hanna's Civic Federation to arbitrate. They claim they would be sold out, as the Boston and San Francisco strikers were.

Mine-owners in the Cripple Creek, Colo., district formed a \$5,000,000 combine, and some of the workers think it means fight.

At least half a dozen new glass-blowing machines are announced. According to their inventors, the saving will be enormous, and in some instances workers are almost wholly displaced, the devices operating automatically.

"Paddy on the railway at a dollar a day" is a song that has seen its best days. Down at Greenville, Pa., a track-laying machine, invented by a Scranton man, is being given a practical demonstration. The outfit consists of a machine car bearing a steel crane that extends sixty feet

over the road-bed, and a train of sixteen cars of ties, rails, etc., which are fed into the machine car and out on the crane and laid rapidly and accurately. According to the Engineering News, about two miles of track are laid per day on the Bessemer & Lake Erie Railroad, and only forty men are needed to do the work.

Superior Court at Seattle, Wash., decided that the law to limit the labor of women in shops and factories to ten hours daily was unconstitutional, as it was "class legislation."

The Union Picket is the name of a neat new trade-union paper at Dayton, Ohio, that has strong leanings toward socialism.

Some of the small bituminous coal companies are squealing lustily because there is a "scarcity" of cars, and they can't get their product to market. The charge is also made that the railway monopolies are in a conspiracy with the large coal companies (often themselves) to freeze out the little concerns. The whales of industry continue to swallow the minnows, just as in the briny deep.

About one hundred unions of Cleveland have combined in a new central body, which is known as the United Trades and Labor Council. A socialist preamble and platform was adopted, but will probably be forgotten by many of the members on election day.

Central Trades Council of St. Louis, as well as many local unions, combined with the socialist party in holding a big convention and nominating a full city ticket.

Lobbyists at Washington have been hammering against the eight-hour bill in Congress because it has "socialistic tendencies." The seamen's bills have been defeated in committee and the prison labor bill will also be smothered. The Geary Chinese exclusion law has been re-enacted, but Western labor people declare that it is a farcical measure. One paper says it is about as effective as a linen suit of clothes in a blizzard.

The "labor bills" in Congress are still having rough sledding. Correspondents in Washington nearly all agree that they will die in committee.

Supreme Court of Missouri has declared the anti-trust law of that state "unreasonable, oppressive, unconstitutional and void." The same court in Georgia also intimates that the anti-trust law of that state is *n. g.* And the trust-busters are sadly looking on.

Organizer Hamilton, of the paper-makers, was jailed in Eau Claire, Wis., for attempting to force the bosses to grant the employes a shorter workday.

Miners in Virginia and Northport, Wash., have been injunctioned. Senator Proctor attempted to reduce the wages of his marble workers in Rutland, Vt., and now there is music in the air:

President Caldwell, of the New Zealand Board of Trade, who has been making an extensive American tour, predicted in an interview in Washington that "this country will soon pass into the control of a workingman's party." He declared that the trusts are becoming so

powerful that there will be a reaction, and that the laboring people are perfecting their organizations with a view to gaining political control.

Some of the leading New York daily papers have started to throw cold water on Hanna's Civic Federation. They assert that the very existence of that body, and in the hope that concessions can be gained, tends to encourage the workers to make demands—sometimes very unreasonable ones, don't you know. This view is partly borne out by a statement credited to Secretary "Sissy" Easley, to the effect that local branches of the Civic Federation are to be established in the large industrial centers to adjudicate local troubles. On the other hand, the radical press is clamorously accusing Hanna of attempting to attach the labor organizations as a tail to his political kite. Whether or not this suspicion is well founded, the big boss does admit that one of the principal objects of the Civic Federation is to counteract "the evils of socialism."

Chicago Federation of Labor is once more defying the A. F. of L. Refuse to unseat the seceding teamsters. The latter quit the national union because bosses were admitted, it is claimed, and are gaining strength all over the country.

Erie socialists are going to start a daily paper. The movement to establish a daily in New York is making good headway.

The Employers' Association of Illinois is accused of having adopted a plan to "loan" their more subservient workingmen to members of the association who may be harassed by strikes. Those workers who refuse to be "loaned" when trouble is on will be placed on a blacklist and forever debarred from the shops of the bosses. This is bringing things down to a science.

Chicago capitalists are engineering a scheme to combine sixty-six Western banks. The promoters claim that, besides the immense power they would gain, there would be an annual saving of many millions in operation and at least \$37,000,000 more could be loaned than at present.

Our Canadian brethren are spreading the gospel of socialism quite enthusiastically. In Ontario, for example, nineteen leagues have been formed, and there are sixteen others that are unattached to the Provincial League. Six candidates, among them H. Gaylord Wilshire and Margaret Haile, were nominated for the Legislature of Ontario. Secretary Wrigley reports that there is a growing demand for speakers and literature.

The "labor mayors" of Connecticut are said to be engineering a scheme to form a new political party and enter the state campaign next fall to capture the governorship, the legislature and everything else in sight.

Miners and other unionists of the anthracite region are raising funds to erect a monument to the men who were shot in the back by deputies at Lattimer several years ago. The dedication will take place on Sept. 20, and a great demonstration will be held.

BOOK REVIEWS

Democracy and Social Ethics. Jane Addams. The Macmillan Company. Half morocco. Citizen's Library. 177 pp. \$1.25.

This work consists of seven chapters and an introduction, each of which are largely separate essays, united by a common point of view. The first chapter on "Charitable Effort" is largely a psychological study of a "charitable visitor" who had caught some glimpse of democracy and was trying to reconcile this knowledge with her charity. "Formerly, when it was believed that poverty was synonymous with vice and laziness, and that the prosperous man was the righteous man, charity was administered harshly with a good conscience; for the charitable agent really blamed the individual for his poverty, and the very fact of his own superior prosperity gave him a certain consciousness of moral superiority." But since we have learned that there may be other standards of excellence than financial success the charitable agent does not feel quite so sure of his ground. The same conflict arises at a dozen points of view, which are carefully brought out. The second chapter on "Filial Relations" describes another series of similar conflicts which arise between a daughter who wishes to give her life to social work and her parents who still cling to the old individualistic position. It is the old tragedy of "Fathers and Sons" over again in a new form. Perhaps the best chapter in the whole book is the one on "Household Adjustment." This is really but a study of the servant girl problem, and while the point of view here, as throughout the book, is bounded by the narrow limits of capitalism (the shortest social stage the world has ever known), nevertheless it is a valuable social analysis. "As industrial conditions have changed, the household has simplified, from the medieval affair of journeymen, apprentices and maidens who spun and brewed to the family proper; to those who love each other and live together in ties of affection and consanguinity. Were this process complete we should have no problem of household employment. But, even in households comparatively humble, there is still one alien, who is neither loved nor loving. The modern family has dropped the man who made its shoes, the woman who spun its clothes, and, to a large extent, the woman who washes them, but it stoutly refuses to drop the woman who cooks its food and ministers directly to its individual comfort; it strangely insists that to do that would be to destroy the family life itself. . . . A listener, attentive to a conversation between two employers of household labor—and we certainly all have opportunity to hear such conversations—would often discover a tone implying that the employer was abused and put upon; that she was struggling with the

problem solely because she was thus serving her family and performing her social duties; that otherwise it would be a great relief to her to abandon the whole situation, and "never have a servant in her house again." Did she follow this impulse, she would simply yield to the trend of her times and accept the present system of production. She would be in line with the industrial organization of her age." A very full and excellent statement of the disadvantages under which the servant girls labor is given, including the fact that "certain hospitals in London have contributed statistics showing that 78 per cent of illegitimate children born are the children of girls working in households." Perhaps these facts may explain why all working girls do not become servants. The discussion of "Industrial Amelioration" shows much keen insight. Here is the only place where the author seems to realize that the laboring class is to have any part in social evolution. Speaking of the laborers who have rebelled against so-called "philanthropic" employers, she says, "Outside the ken of philanthropists the proletariat had learned to say in many languages that 'the injury of one is the concern of all.' Their watchwords were brotherhood, sacrifice, the subordination of individual and trade interests, to the good of the working classes, and they were moved by a determination to free that class from the untoward conditions under which they were suffering." The chapter on "Educational Methods" is also one of great value. Here the amalgamating influence of the public school system and its dominance by commercialism is shown in a most vivid manner. The discussion of "Political Reform," while it contains much clever analysis of the manner in which the "corrupt" politician holds sway, is really much more superficial than the others. In all the intricate relations of the "boodle alderman" to his constituents she sees only personal forces, and as a means of breaking his power sees nothing save the coming of some "reformer who really knew the people," and who should find out "what needs which the alderman supplies are legitimate ones which the city itself should undertake." She sees nothing of the great class forces which are not at all waiting for the coming of some benevolent reformer, but which will move of their own initiative, to the discomfiture of reformers and boodlers alike. Indeed, the weak point of the whole book is that it is addressed to an already outgrown social class. From cover to cover there is not a word addressed to the laborer. It is mainly addressed to an idealized "social worker," for although the writer of this has had much experience with "charitable agents," he never met one with the peculiar conscientious scruples of those described by Miss Addams. In so far as an attempt is made to discuss ethical problems the book lacks precision as to terms and ideas. It is impossible to decide what is accepted as the "ethical norm" or the "ultimate good." Indeed, it would seem that the intuitive method had been adopted with the individual standard, and that after all Miss Addams had fallen into the error which she ascribes to a "philanthropic employer" who was "so confident of the righteousness of his aim that he had come to test the righteousness of the process by his own feelings and not those of his men." In other words, it would seem that in the last analysis she had fallen back upon her own intuitive judgment as the only test of right and wrong. Summing up, it is doubtful if any one writing from

the point of view of the ruling class (for this is what the author has really done) has ever seen as much. But to the reader who has learned to consider the laboring class as the only class with a social future it is a continual puzzle how one who saw so far should have stopped short on the verge of seeing so much more. She sees the existence of class divergencies in ethical standards, but has nothing to say as to which is really right or is destined to dominate, and is silent concerning the underlying causes which give rise to those divergencies.

The Social Evil. By the Committee of Fifteen. Cloth, 187 pp. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This book is the result of the work of a committee of fifteen, appointed at a mass meeting of the citizens of New York in November, 1900. The opening paragraph reads as follows: "Prostitution is a phenomena co-extensive with civilized society. Barbarous and semi-barbarous peoples have at times been free from it. . . . But no sooner has a people attained a moderate degree of civilization than this social curse has fallen upon it; nor has any race reached a point of moral elevation where this form of vice has disappeared." The sources of prostitution are divided into three classes. "In the first place, there is a large class of women who may be said to have been trained for prostitution from earliest childhood. Foundlings and orphans and the offspring of the miserably poor, they grow up in wretched tenements, contaminated by constant familiarity with vice in its lowest forms. Without training, mental or moral, they remain ignorant and disagreeable, slovenly and uncouth, good for nothing in the social and economic organism. When half-matured they fall the willing victims of their male associates and inevitably drift into prostitution. . . . Another form is closely connected with the appearance of women in industry. In many cities there are great classes of women without any resources except their earnings as needle-women, day-workers, domestics or factory hands. These earnings are often so small as barely to suffice for the urgent needs of the day. A season of non-employment presents them with the alternative of starvation or prostitution. . . . A third class . . . may be employed at living wages, but the prospect of continuing from year to year with no change from tedious and irksome labor creates discontent and eventually rebellion. . . . Their lives bring them no happiness and promise them none." Yet in spite of the facts thus brought out, which show beyond a possibility of a doubt that prostitution is an inseparable part of the present social organization—of capitalism, there is no suggestion in the whole investigation that a different social organization is possible or desirable. The committee seems to recognize that it is from no personal preference that the career of a prostitute is chosen. "With the majority of prostitutes the life of shame is only a temporary state. In a time of distress they resort to it as their readiest means of support . . . they conceal their life from their friends, they account in some fictitious way for their earnings. It may be that they do not have the strength to abandon the life after once becoming accustomed to it. But the majority, in all probability, do abandon it." They are even able to generalize cor-

rectly as to the causes driving women into prostitution and to see in a general way the only possible solution. "It is undoubtedly true that a chronic state of poverty has a powerful influence in impelling women to accept a vicious life. Society has up to the present time proven unable to solve the problem of poverty; and until that problem is solved, there is little reason to believe that there will cease to be a class of women, not necessarily congenitally defective, who will choose a life of vice. But there are in every city classes of working women whose normal income is sufficient to permit them to live honorable lives, but who are left in times of temporary depression, with no means of escaping from starvation except prostitution." Having declared that, in spite of the fact that the great commercial problem of to-day is how to dispose of the surplus of our productive power, the problem of poverty is still impossible of solution, the committee feels that nevertheless it must do something to account for its existence. So it submits three very silly recommendations. "First, strenuous efforts to prevent in the tenement houses the overcrowding which is a very prolific source of sexual immorality. . . . Secondly, the furnishing . . . of purer and more elevating forms of amusement. . . . Thirdly, whatever can be done to improve the material conditions of the wage-earning class." In other words, abolish all the results of poverty while leaving poverty and you will abolish prostitution. In spite of this silly conclusion, the book is by far the most valuable thing yet printed in America on the subject with which it deals, and is a work which must be consulted by all who wish to secure anything approaching reliable information on the subject.

The History and Literature of the German Social Democracy. By Paul Kampffmeyer. Fraenkische Verlagsanstalt und Buchdruckerei, Herm. Sydow & Co., Nuernberg, Germany. Price 40 Pfennige.

This little work sums up in precise and graphic language the valuable testimony for the elevating and educating influence of socialism, contained in the history and literature of the Socialist party in Germany. It offers at the same time practical hints for the student, the lecturer and the librarian.

Love's Coming of Age. By Edward Carpenter. Charles H. Kerr & Company. Cloth, 162 pp. \$1.00.

There are three distinct points of excellence about this book which make it especially praiseworthy. The first is the value of the contained matter. Seldom has there been a keener analysis of the sex question. The economic conditions that have given rise to all the ridiculous and horrible conditions surrounding the relations of the sexes in modern society are pointed out. The degraded position of woman, the destruction of the home and the silly prudery of modern society are all set forth in vivid form. For woman the society of to-day offers but three choices. She may become a useless plaything, a painted clotheshorse "lady" as the wife of some bourgeois "gentleman," or she may become the helpless drudge and slave of a wage slave. Finally, there is the prostitute. Even concerning these three spheres it is hardly fair to speak of a choice, as most women are born into one or the other of these states of life with little idea of either of the other spheres. All of these subjects

are treated with a delicacy of language that leaves nothing concealed, but can give no offense save to those whose prudishness needs offending. Finally, the whole is told in a beautiful, clear English, that it is a pleasure to read. "Love's Coming of Age" is essential to a good socialist library.

Books Received.

Tales from Gorky. Funk and Wagnalls. Cloth, 285 pp. \$1.20.

The Americanization of the World. W. T. Stead. Horace Markley. Cloth, 460 pp. \$1.50.

Among the Periodicals.

The Independent for May 1 is a special number devoted almost entirely to a symposium on "The Concentration of Wealth." Among those contributing are Carroll D. Wright, Russell Sage, J. J. Hill, John R. Commons, Ernest H. Crosby, W. J. Bryan, Henry D. Lloyd, W. G. Sumner and Charles R. Flint. Many of those who write as capitalists and organizers of trusts are brutally frank and the whole series is most highly suggestive to social students. It is unfortunate that the Independent, which has always shown itself fair to the Socialist movement, did not see fit to admit to this discussion at least some one who had something of a comprehension of the Socialist movement, and would have written from that point of view. At least it should not have labeled as "socialistic" what is wholly out of touch with the general international Socialist position.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT

Karl Marx's "Capital."

This great work must always remain the principal classic of Socialism. There have been repeated attempts to condense, explain and simplify the book. None of these have been in any sense satisfactory. None of them have really been as easy to understand as the original, while all attempts at condensing a work as solid as "Capital" result only in the omission of important portions.

Every socialist student recognizes these facts and would be glad to have a copy of Marx's Capital, but has hitherto been handicapped by the high price. We have recently secured a special bargain on 250 copies, the standard English edition of this work, which enables us to offer them to our stockholders at \$1 each; postage 30 cents if mailed; to other buyers the price is \$2 postpaid, which is 50 cents less than the book can be bought for anywhere else.

The first importation is going fast. If you wish to secure a copy you must order at once.

Britain for the British.

You will want to read it. Everybody will be talking about it by this time next month. Then you will be sorry because some one else was ahead of you in introducing it into your neighborhood. It will be a big seller wherever socialists gather together. See that your local has a good supply. Traveling organizers and speakers, who are the first to introduce it into any locality, will reap a rich harvest. Over three million "Merrie Englands" have been sold. It was written by the same author and is not as good a book as "Britain for the British."

Everybody knows the plain, simple style in which Robert Blatchford writes. It is just the sort of style that you wish all writers of propaganda works would learn to write. The laborer who left school at ten to enter the shop can understand it. The college graduate can find plenty of things in it to think about. Here are the titles of some of the chapters: "The Unequal Division of Wealth," "What Is Wealth? Where Does It Come from? Who Creates It?" "How the Few Get Rich and Keep the Many Poor," "What Socialism Is Not," "What Socialism Is," "Competition vs. Co-operation," "Temperance and Thrift," "Is Socialism Possible, and Will It Pay?" "The Need for a Labor Party," "Why the Old Parties Will Not Do," "To-day's Work."

The author declares that "the purpose of this book is to convert the reader to Socialism; to convince him that the present system—political, industrial and social—is bad; to explain to him why it is bad, and to

prove to him that socialism is the only true remedy." Now that is exactly the kind of a book that every socialist wishes to find. Here you have it. Send in your money for it at once if you wish to get a copy from the first edition. Cloth, 50 cents, \$4 a dozen; paper, 25 cents, \$2 a dozen. We pay expressage at these prices.

The Last Days of the Ruskin Co-operative Association.

This book, by Professor Isaac Broome, is the latest publication in the Standard Socialist Series. The Ruskin colony, founded by J. A. Wayland, but with which he was connected only a short time, was the most conspicuous and ambitious attempt in this country to establish a community under the socialist name. The Socialist party has always discouraged attempts of this kind, believing them to be an unscientific waste of energy that might be used to much better advantage. The present work, the author of which is not a member of the Socialist party, is a most striking and impressive argument for the soundness of the socialist position. It is full of graphic pen-pictures of the miserable conditions developed by colony life. It is copiously illustrated with engravings from photographs taken on the spot. Handsomely bound in extra red silk cloth, price 50 cents; to stockholders, 30 cents, postpaid.

OUR CO-OPERATIVE PUBLISHING COMPANY.

The co-operative publishing house of Charles H. Kerr & Company has now 361 stockholders, located at over 300 different cities and towns. Their distribution by states is shown in the following table:

Alabama	2	New Hampshire	3
Arizona	3	New Jersey	6
Arkansas	2	New York	23
California	26	North Dakota	3
Colorado	12	Ohio	16
Connecticut	6	Oklahoma	6
District of Columbia	5	Oregon	11
Florida	6	Pennsylvania	22
Georgia	3	Rhode Island	2
Idaho	3	Tennessee	2
Illinois	43	Texas	4
Indiana	9	Utah	6
Indian Territory	1	Virginia	1
Iowa	12	Washington	12
Kansas	12	West Virginia	2
Kentucky	9	Wisconsin	5
Maine	1	British Columbia, Canada	4
Massachusetts	13	Manitoba, Canada	1
Michigan	19	New Brunswick, Canada	1
Minnesota	13	Ontario, Canada	4
Missouri	11	Scotland	1
Montana	7	Philippine Islands	1
Nebraska	6		
		Total	360

No dividends have ever been distributed and none are likely to be declared, for the reason that the object of the company is not to make profits, but to print and circulate such literature as will hasten the success of the Socialist movement. The direct personal advantage to a stockholder lies in the privilege of buying at cost the books published by the company. Every new stock subscription helps increase the number of the best socialist books which we are enabled to offer at prices far below what would otherwise be obtainable. We have lately added a line of campaign leaflets at prices so low that they can be given away freely. Every socialist local in the United States should be a stockholder, and thus get the largest amount of campaign literature for the least expenditure.

There is no personal advantage to be gained by subscribing for more than one share of stock; the owner of a single share has the same privileges as the owner of a hundred. If, however, any one has a hundred or a thousand dollars to be used for the advancement of socialism there is no way in which it can be used so effectively as by putting it into this company. To carry on the work of publishing the socialist literature required by the movement, with our present inadequate capital, is a severe tax on the strength of those in charge. Four hundred shares are still open to subscription, and the \$4,000 which would be realized from their sale would put our work on a solid foundation that the approaching financial panic would not disturb.

There is one urgent need for capital at the earliest possible moment. Ernest Untermann, the associate editor of the International Socialist Review, has completed an excellent translation, the first ever made into English, of the "Origin of the Family, the State and Private Property," by Frederick Engels. The type of this book is already set, but we must delay publication until \$200 in stock is subscribed to pay the first cost. The price upon publication will be 50 cents; to stockholders, 30 cents, postpaid, and the book will be of the utmost value to the socialist movement.

A booklet explaining our co-operative plan will be mailed to any address upon request, and questions will be answered promptly. Address,

CHARLES H. KERR & COMPANY,

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